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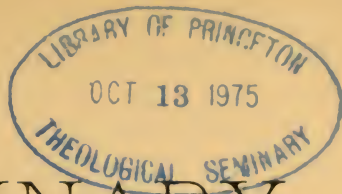
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THE



# SCHOOL HYMNARY

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

AND

PATRIOTIC SONGS

FOR USE IN

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

✓  
JOSEPH A. GRAVES PH. D.

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NEW YORK:

CHARLES E. MERRILL & Co.

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Z 8  
G 785  
1889

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CHARLES E. MERRILL & Co.

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Music Typography by  
J. FRANK GILES & Co.,  
Boston, Mass.

## PREFACE.

The compiler of this little book has had a threefold purpose in its preparation. The first aim has been to select from the best hymns in the language a collection suitable for all the ordinary exercises of worship in public or private schools. The second aim has been to set these hymns to tunes of a worthy and permanent character, which should yet be within the musical ability of young children. The third object has been to arrange the tunes in such a way that they could be sung by children with increasing pleasure and profit as their musical attainments advanced. No collection answering all these requirements was known to the compiler of this book.

The hymns are entirely unsectarian, and are believed to be adapted both in word and thought to the purpose of *worship in song*. The tunes may all be sung in unison with good effect, only those having a distinct and agreeable melody being included in the collection. It is desirable, however, that two or more parts of the harmony be sung as soon as the children are sufficiently advanced in musical culture to do this.

A few tunes have been arranged for three voices, but the greater number for four parts. No tenor part has been written as that voice is practically unknown among school children ; but, in its stead, an alto part has been arranged, occupying very nearly the position of the tenor in four-part music. The bass has been written within comparatively narrow limits to favor the immature powers of recently changed voices. It is recommended that the First and Second Soprano parts be sung by the younger boys and by the girls, according to the natural compass of their voices. The Alto should be assigned to the older boys whose voices are still unchanged and to those girls who have natural alto voices. All boys whose voices are changing or have changed should sing the Bass.

Among the Patriotic Songs have been included the most popular and widely known National Anthems, together with some pieces that are less familiar. An acquaintance with these ought to be considered a necessary part of a good musical education.

Special acknowledgments for permission to use copyrighted hymns and tunes are due to Rev. E. P. Parker, D. D., Rev. C. H. Richards, D. D., Rev. C. L. Hutchins, Messrs. E. A. Andrews, B. Jepson, and Wallace Porter ; also to A. S. Barnes & Co. for music from the S. S. Hymnal, to E. & J. B. Young for the tune "St. Kevin," to G. Schirmer for the tune "Shelley," and to O. Ditson & Co. for the tunes "Naomi," "Holley," and "Selvin."

HARTFORD, January, 1889.

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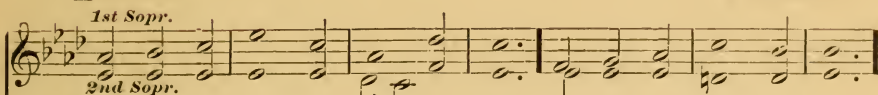
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# SCHOOL HYMNARY.

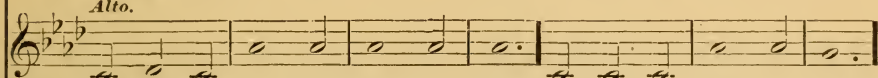
## BEATITUDE. C. M.

1

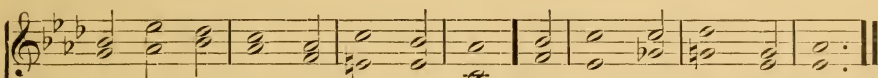
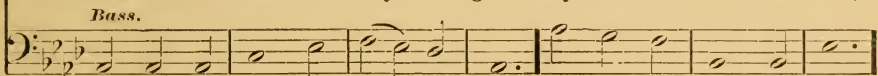
J. B. DYKES. 1874.



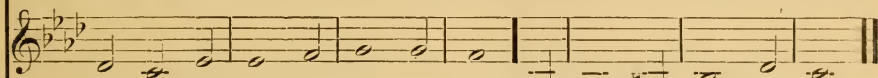
1. My Fa-ther, for an - oth - er night, Of qui - et sleep and rest,



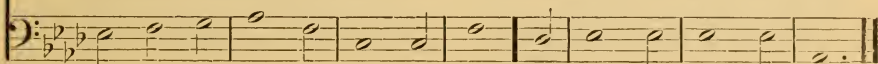
2. Now with the new - born day I give My - self a - new to thee;



For all the joys of morn - ing light, Thy ho - ly name be blest.



That as thou will - est I may live, And what thou will - est be.



3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
Whate'er I speak or frame,  
Thy glory may I seek in all,  
Do all in Jesus' name.

4 My Father, for his sake I pray,  
Thy child accept and bless,  
And lead me by thy grace to-day,  
In paths of righteousness.



## MORNING PRAYER. 78.

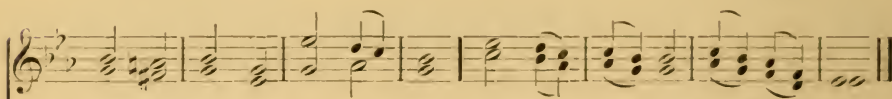
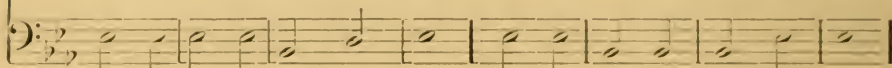
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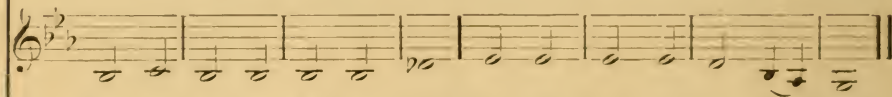
1. In the morning I will pray, For God's blessing on the day



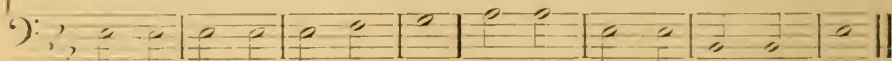
2. Should it be with clouds o'er - cast, Clouds of sor - row gathering fast,



What this day shall be my lot, Light or darkness, know I not.



Thou who giv - est light di - vine, Shine with - in me, Lord, oh, shine!



1 Keep my feet from secret snares,  
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!  
Every step thy love attend,  
And my soul from death defend!

FURNESS.

2 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

3

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself invites thee near,  
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

3 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

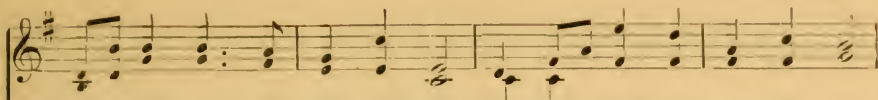


# DWIGHT. 7s.

7

4

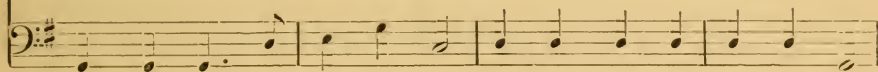
B. JEPSON. 1864.



1. Now the shades of night are gone; Now the morn-ing light is come;



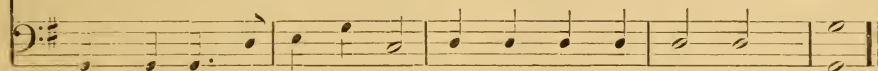
2. Fill our souls with heav'n-ly light, Ban-ish doubt and clear our sight;



Lord, may we be thine to-day! Drive the shades of sin a-way.



In thy ser-vice, Lord, to-day, May we stand, and watch, and pray.



3 When our work of life is past,  
Oh, receive us then at last;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

ANON.

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

5

1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit disdain!  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

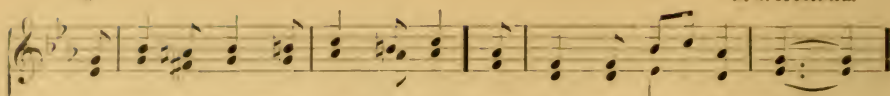
3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee; here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.

W. HAMMOND, 1770.

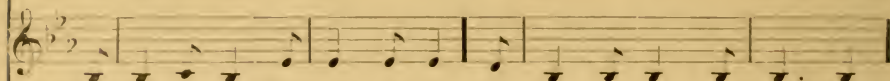
## LORD OF MY LIFE.

6

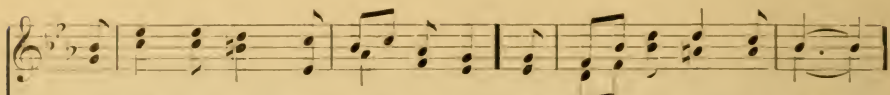
S. S. HYMNAL.



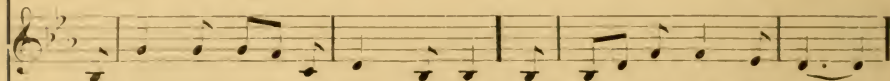
1. Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,  
 2. Oh, may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heav'n - ly grace to grow;



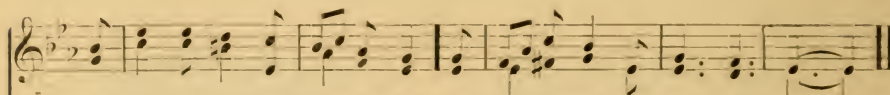
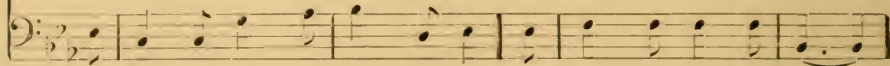
3. With prayer, my humble praise I bring, For mer - cies, day by day;



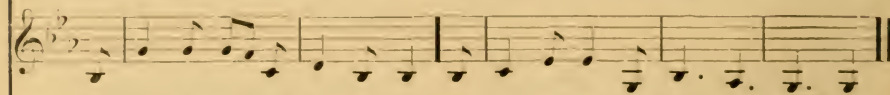
- Here low - ly, at the hour of pray'r. Be - fore thy throne I bow;  
 To thee and to thy glo - ry live, Dead to all else be - low;



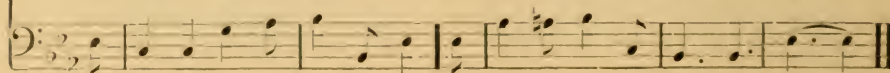
- Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing; Lord, teach me how to pray!



- I bless thy gracious hand, and pray Forgiveness for an - oth - er day.  
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod, Tho' thorny, yet the path of God.



- All that I am and have, to thee I of - fer thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

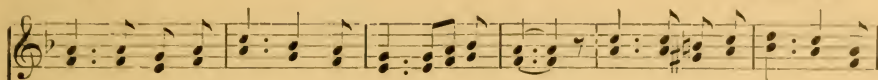


# MORNING LIGHT.

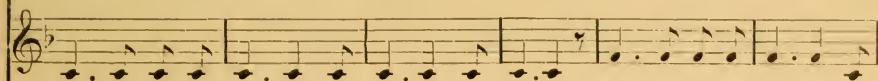
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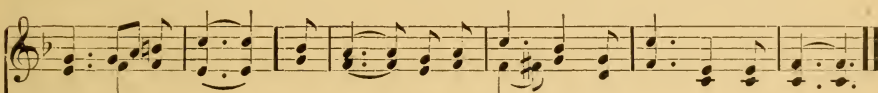
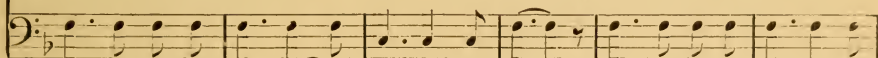
S. S. HYMNAL.



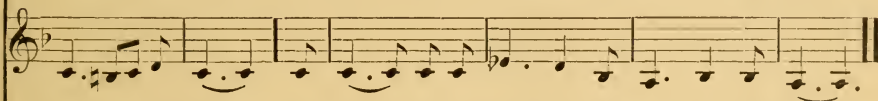
1. The morning light flingeth Its wak - ening ray ; And as the day bringeth The



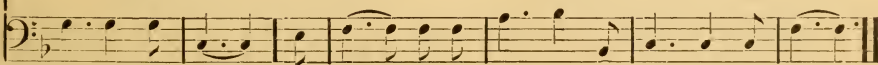
2. No life can be drear - y, When work is de - light ; Tho' evening be weary, Rest



work of the day, The hap - py heart sing - eth, A - wake and a - way !



comes with the night, And all will be cheer - y, If faith - ful and right.



3.

When duty is treasure,  
And labor a joy,  
How sweet is the leisure  
Of ended employ !  
Then only can pleasure  
Be free from alloy.

4.

Our hearts would be praising  
The Giver of light,  
Glad songs ever raising,  
When morning beams bright ;  
Our praise still unceasing,  
When cometh the night.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

## ITALIAN HYMN. 6s &amp; 4s.

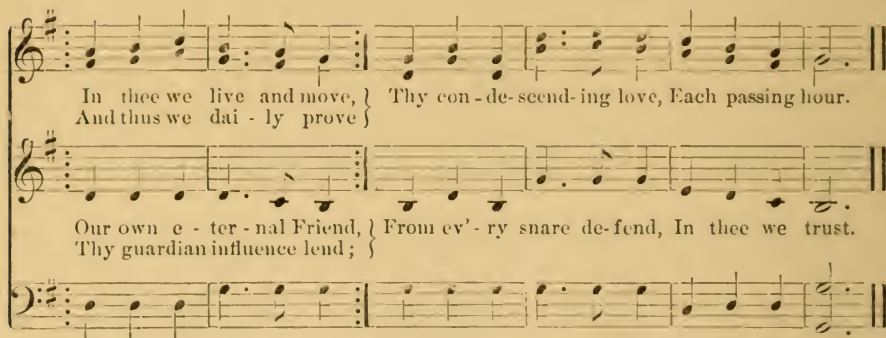
8

FELICE GIARDINI. 1760.



1. God of the morn-ing ray! God of the ris-ing day! Glorious in pow'r!

2. God of our fee-ble race, God of re-deem-ing grace, Spir-it all-blest!



In thee we live and move, } Thy con-de-scend-ing love, Each passing hour.  
And thus we dai-ly prove }  
Our own e-ter-nal Friend, } From ev'-ry snare de-fend, In thee we trust.  
Thy guardian influence lend; }

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1835.

9

1 COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
-O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;  
From all our foes defend,  
Nor let us fall;  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stayed:  
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Holy Comforter!  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of Power.

4 To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
His sovereign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1757.

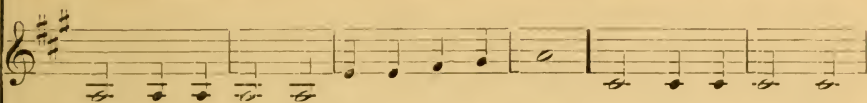


E. J. HOPKINS, 1866.

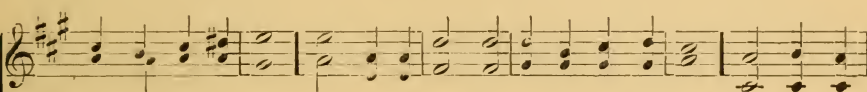
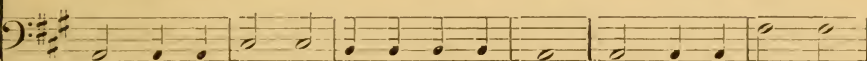
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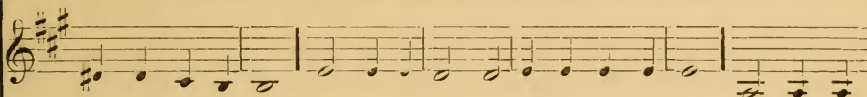
1. O Fa-ther Spir - it, who with gentlest breath Dost calm and teach, dost



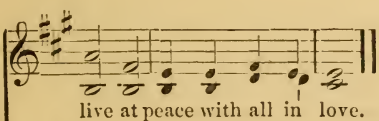
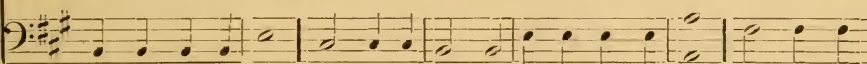
2. Now shed thy might - y in - flu - ence a - broad On souls that would their



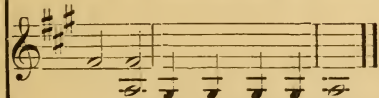
com - fort or re - pove, Who giv - est us all joy and hope and faith, Thro' whom we



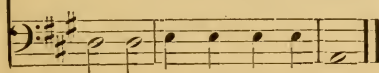
Fa-ther's image bear; Make us as ho - ly temples of our God, Where dwells for-



live at peace with all in love.



ev - er calm, a - dor - ing pray'r.



11

1

We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray;  
We praise thee with the glowing light of day;  
All things that live and move, by sea and land,  
Forever ready at thy service stand.

2

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,  
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well;  
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour,  
For thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power.

From the GERMAN.

ANON.

## 12

PIGOT.

1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine ;

2 With thee let ev' - ry week be - gin, With thee each day be spent,

Oh, let thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be thine.

For thee each fleet - ing hour em - ployed, Since each by thee is lent.

- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road, 2 In every scene of life, thy care,  
 - Till all our labors cease ; In every age, we see :  
 And heaven refresh our weary souls And, constant as thy favors are,  
 With everlasting peace. So let our praises be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

## 13

- 1 God of our lives ! Thy various praise  
 Our voices shall resound :  
 Thy hand revolves our fleeting days  
 And brings the seasons round.
- 3 Still may thy love, in every scene,  
 In every age, appear ;  
 And let the same compassion deign  
 To bless the opening year.

ANON.

## 14

## ORATORY HYMNS.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes ;

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound,

Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

- 3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

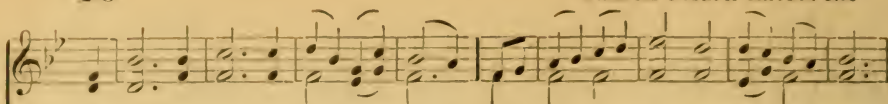
## 15

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

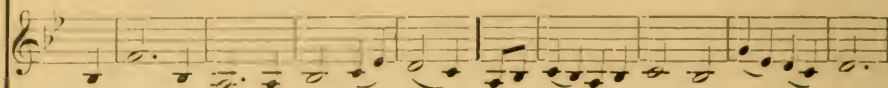
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 16

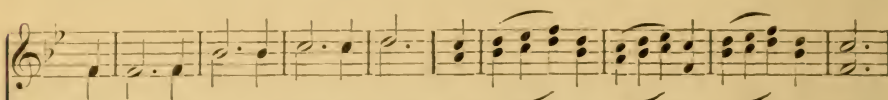
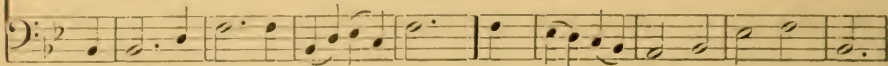
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1798



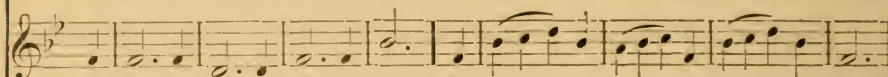
1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see;



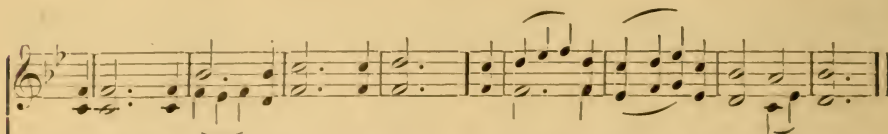
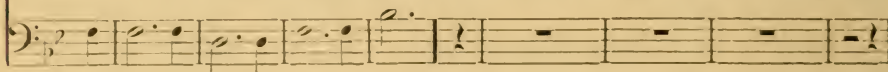
1. When youthful spring around us breathes, Thy spir-it warms her fra-grant sigh,



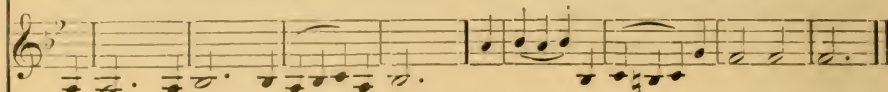
Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-flec-tions caught from thee;



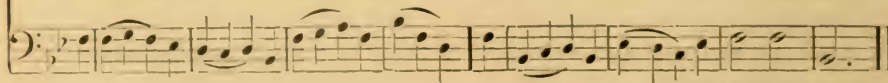
And ev'ry flower the sum-mer wreathes Is born be-neath thy kind-ling eye;



Where'er we turn, thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.



Where'er we turn, thy glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.



THOMAS MOORE. 1816.



## AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s &amp; 7s. D.

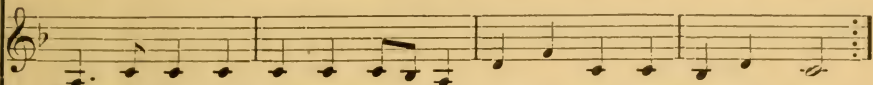
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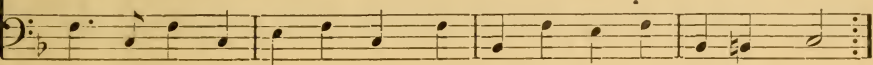
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1797.



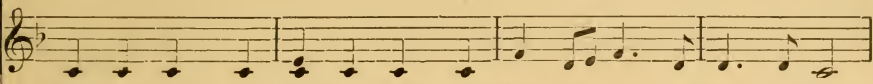
1 { Gracious God, our Heavenly Fa - ther! Meet and bless our school we pray;  
As in hum - ble trust we gath - er, Teach - ers, scholars, here to - day.



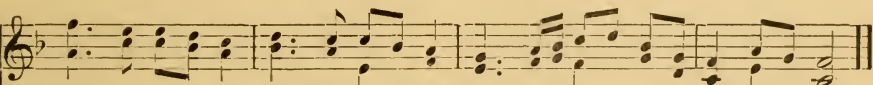
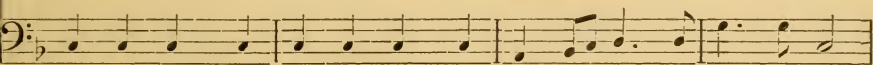
2 { Weak, im - per - fect, tempt - ed, err - ing, From thy pre - cepts, Lord we stray;  
Let thy Spir - it, from our wandering, Bring us back to vir - tue's way.



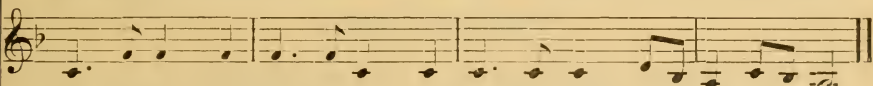
Ev' - ry joy and ev' - ry bless - ing From thy boun - teous hand we own,



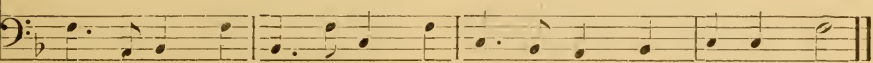
Hum - ble, pen - i - tent, con - fid - ing, May we rest our hope in thee,



May thy love, our souls possess - ing, Draw us near - er to thy throne.



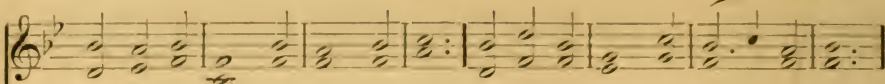
In thy fa - vor, Lord, a - bi - ding, In thy peace and pu - ri - ty.



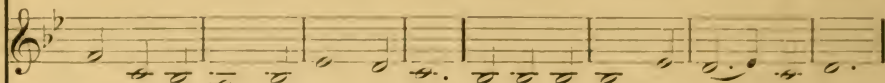
ANON.

## 18

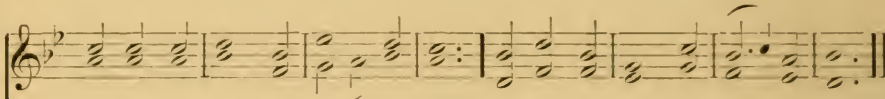
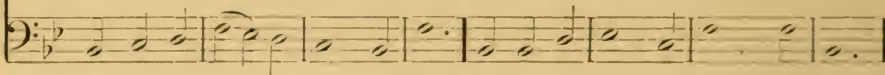
GERMAN.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;



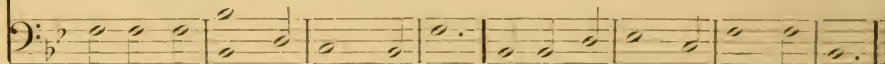
2. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his work and bless his word;



To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.



Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how di-vine!



- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 3 My God, my King, thy various praise | 4 When shall I see, and hear, and know |
| Shall fill the remnant of my days;    | All I desired or wished below,         |
| Thy grace employ my humble tongue,    | And every power find sweet employ      |
| Till death and glory raise the song.  | In an eternal world of joy?            |

ISAAC WATTS. 1715.

## 19

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 FATHER, once more let grateful praise | 2 Since every day and hour that's gone |
| And humble prayer to thee ascend;       | Has been with mercy richly crowned,    |
| Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,    | Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,   |
| Our early and our only Friend.          | Forever sure, as time rolls round.     |

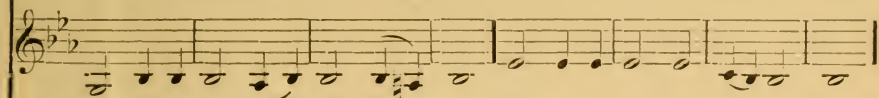
ANON.

20

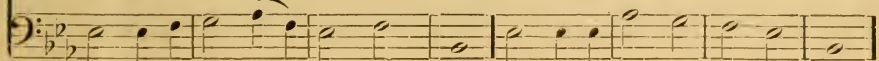
JOHN HATTON. 1790.



1. God of the morn - ing, at thy voice The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,



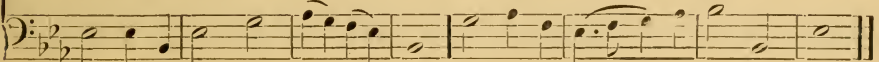
2. O, like the sun, may I ful - fill Th'appointed du - ties of the day;



And, like a gi - ant, doth re - joice To run his jour - ney through the skies.



With ready mind and act - ive will, March on, and keep my heav'nly way.



3 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

21

1 THY presence, everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.

2 To thee we all our ways commit,  
And seek our comforts near thy feet;  
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1750.

## 22

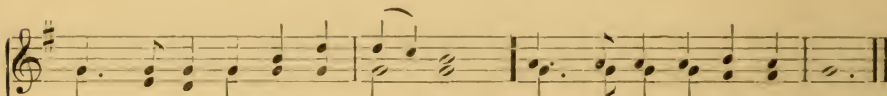
J. B. DYKES, 1861.



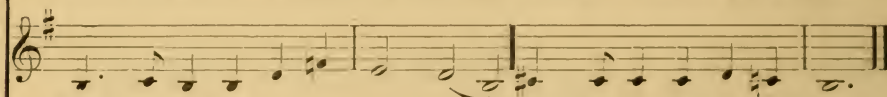
1. Praise the Lord when blushing morning Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew,



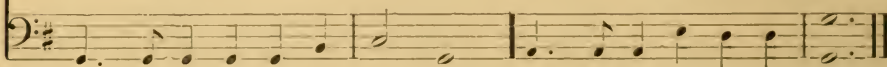
2. Praise the Lord when early breez-es Come so fra-grant from the flowers,



Praise him when revived cre - a - tion Beams with beauties fair and new.



Praise, thou willow, by the brook - side, Praise, ye birds, a-mong the bowers.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 Praise the Lord, and may his blessing | 4 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,      |
| Guide us in the way of truth ;          | Lord, we offer to thy name,             |
| Keep our feet from paths of error,      | Young and old, their thanks expressing, |
| Make us holy in our youth.              | Join thy goodness to proclaim.          |

ANON.

## 23

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us, | 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  |
| Through our pilgrimage below,           | Meekly bending, we implore           |
| And beside the waters lead us,          | We have found thee, and would never, |
| Where thy flock rejoicing go.           | Never wander from thee more.         |

JOHN BICKERSTETH. 1819



24

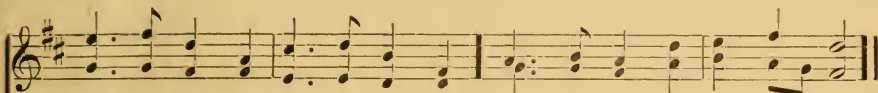
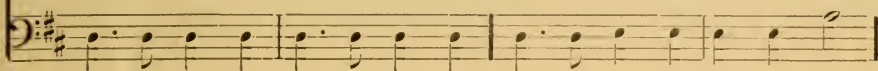
Arr. from W. PORTER.



1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;



2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er, Man de - cays and ag - es move;



Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.



But his wis - dom wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.



3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above:  
Everywhere his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1825.

25

1 God Almighty and All-seeing!  
Holy One, in whom we all  
Live, and move, and have our being,  
Hear us when on thee we call.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;  
Weak and wandering ones are we;  
Then forever, yea, forever,  
In thy presence would we be.

F. S. PIERPONT. 1836.

## 26

T. B. SOUTHGATE. 1854.

1. New ev'ry morn-ing is the love Our wak-ing and up-ris-ing prove;

2. New mercies, each re-turn-ing day, Hov-er a-round us while we pray;

Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Re-stored to life, and pow'r, and thought.

New per-ils past, new sins forgiv'n, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.

## 27

- 3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves,—a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O God, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE. 1839.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns  
Through all the wide celestial plains;  
And its full streams unceasing flow  
Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's work its glories shine;  
The cares of providence are thine;  
And grace erects our ruined frame  
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 Oh, give to every human heart  
To taste, and feel how good thou art;  
With grateful love and reverent fear,  
To know how blest thy children are.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1750.

# CANONBURY. L. M.

21

28

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. Father and Friend, thy light, thy love, Beaming thro' all thy works we see ;

2. Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel, While thou, too pure for mor - tal sight,

Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And all the earth is full of thee.

Involved in clouds, in - vis - i - ble, Reignest, the Lord of life and light.

- 3 We know not in what hallowed part      4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;      Sustained by this most precious thought,  
But this we know, that where thou art,      Since thou, their God, art everywhere,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with      They cannot be where thou art not.  
thee.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1866.

29

- 1 O LORD, how full of sweet content      3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
Our years of pilgrimage are spent !      The soul finds happiness in none ;  
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,      But with our God to guide our way,  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.      'T is equal joy to go or stay.
- 2 To us remains nor place nor time ;      4 Could we be cast where thou art not.  
Our country is in every clime :      That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
We can be calm and free from care      But regions none remote we call,  
On any shore, since God is there.      Secure of finding God in all.

GUION,

## 30

J. B. DYKES.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

2. Glo - ry to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept ;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life partake.

- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew :  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

- 2 All hallowed be our walk this day ;  
May meekness form our early ray,  
And faithful love our noontide light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 3 May grace each idle thought control,  
And sanctify our wayward soul ;  
May guile depart, and malice cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

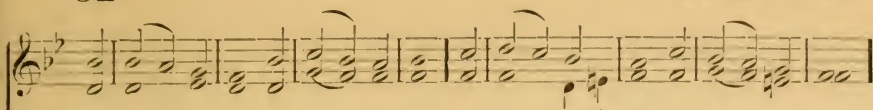
## 31

- 1 O CHRIST! with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts be borne ;  
And may we ever clearly see  
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee !

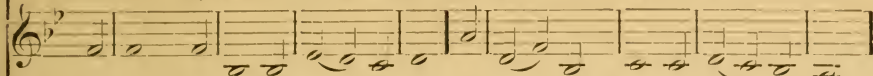
- 4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless ;  
Make plain the way of holiness :  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And cheer at last our journey's end.

LATIN HYMN.

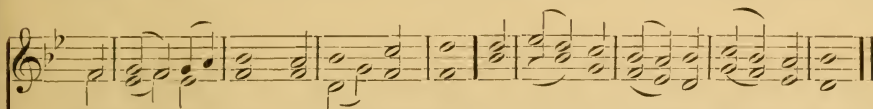




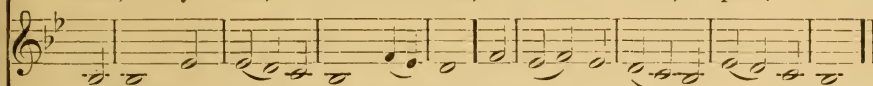
1. Forth in thy name, O Lord, we go, Our dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue;



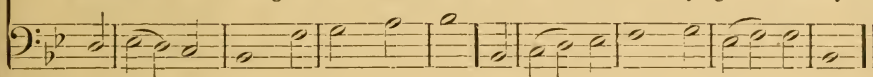
2. Still would we bear thy eas - y yoke, And ev' - ry moment watch and pray;



Thee, on - ly thee, re - solved to know, In all we think, or speak, or do.



Would still to things e - ter - nal look, And has - ten to thy glo - rious day.



3 The task thy wisdom has assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfill;  
In all my work thy presence find,  
And prove thy good and perfect will.

4 For thee alone we would employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given;  
Would run our course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

1 ETERNAL God, celestial King!  
Exalted by thy glorious name;  
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,  
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.  
2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!  
I rest my hope on thee alone;  
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,  
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!  
With morning's earliest dawn arise;  
Let songs of joy my soul inspire,  
And swell your music to the skies.  
4 With those who in thy grace abound,  
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;  
While every land, the earth around,  
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

WRANGHAM.

34

J. G. WALTON.

1. When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes,

2. When each day's scenes and la-bors close, And wear-ied Na-ture seeks re-pose,

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The first system contains two staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

O Sun of righteousness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine!

With pard'ning mer-cy rich-ly blest, Guard me, my Sav-iour, while I rest;

The musical notation continues with a treble and bass staff. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.

And as each morning sun shall rise, Oh! lead me on-ward to the skies.

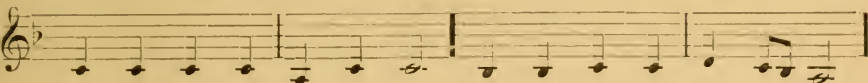
The musical notation continues with a treble and bass staff. The first staff has a treble clef and the second has a bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

35

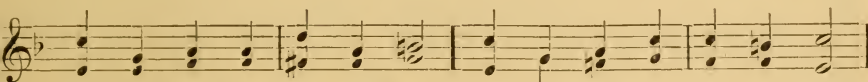
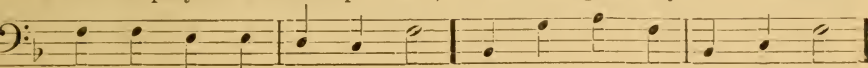
JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER. 1655.



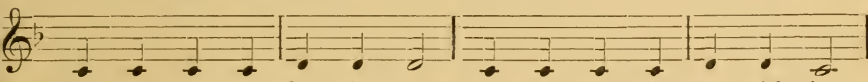
1. Ev' - ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew;  
 2. Still the great - ness of thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;



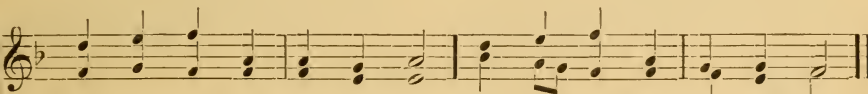
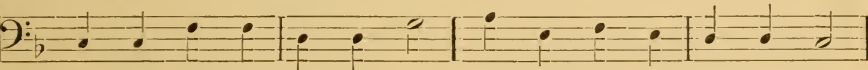
3. Let our prayers each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail:



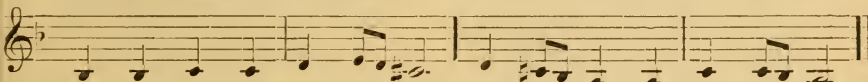
Ev' - ry morn - ing let us pay Tri - bute with the ear - ly day;  
 Dai - ly, far as east from west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;



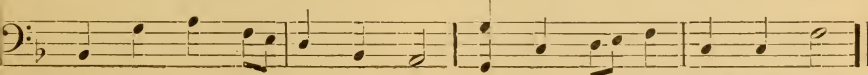
And, as we con - fess the sin And the tempter's power with - in,



For thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.  
 Gives un - bought to those who pray, Strength to stand in e - vil day.



Ev' - ry morn - ing, for the strife, Feed us with the bread of life.



HORATIUS BONAR. 1868.

## 36

C. L. HUTCHINS.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal power !

2. Thy morning light and evening shade, Succes - sive com - forts bring ;

The sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad, Thy flowers a - dorn the spring.

- 3 Seasons and times and moons and hours, 4 Thy showers the thirsty furrows fill,  
 Heaven, earth, and air are thine ; And ranks of corn appear ;  
 When clouds distill in fruitful showers, Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
 The author is divine ! Thy goodness crowns the year.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 37

- 1 JEHOVAH, God ! thy gracious power  
 On every hand we see ;  
 Oh, may the blessings of each hour  
 Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
 Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
 And reaches to the skies ;  
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
 Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,  
 On thee our hopes depend ;  
 Through every age, in every clime,  
 Our Father, and our Friend.

THOMSON,



# ST. BERNARD. C. M.

27

38

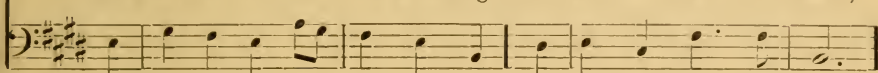
L. G. HAYNE.



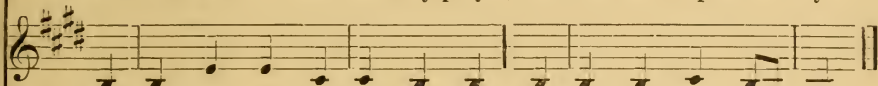
1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;



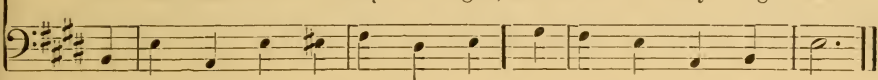
2. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand ;



To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.



Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.



3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,  
Our daily toil may tend,  
That we begin it at thy word,  
And in thy favor end.

ANON.

39

1 Now that the sun is gleaming bright,  
Implore we, bending low,  
That He, the uncreated light,  
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
But simple truth be on our tongue,  
And in our hearts be love.

40

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

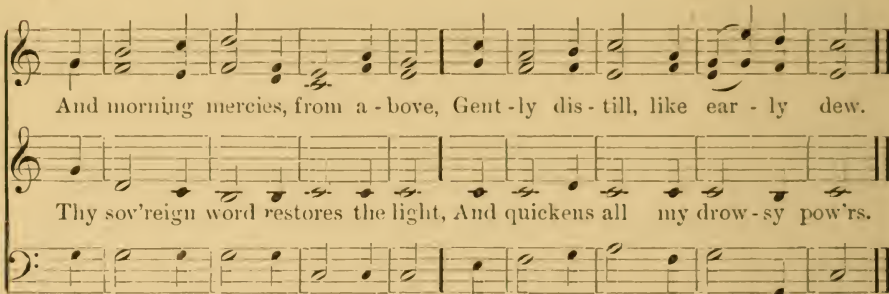
## 41

B. JEPSON. 1864.



1. My God, how end - less is thy love, Thy gifts are ev' - ry eve - ning new;

2. Thouspread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!



And morning mercies, from a - bove, Gent - ly dis - till, like ear - ly dew.

Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy pow'rs.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

3 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,  
Whose mercy bids my fears remove;  
The sacred walls which guard my rest  
Are his almighty power and love.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 42

1 LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,  
I place my hope, my only trust;  
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,  
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art my Rock! thy name alone  
The fortress where my hopes retreat;  
Oh, make thy power and mercy known;  
To safety guide my wandering feet.

## 43

1 Thou Source divine of life and light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!  
Oh, show us, Lord of life and grace,  
The brightness of thy gracious face.

2 Wilt thou our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And guide us safely to the end.

AMBROSE OF MILAN. 390.

44

Arr. from TH. BRADSKY.

1. My God, in morning's ra-diant hour, To thee will I lift up my heart ;

2. Fath - er and Guardian, to thy shrine, The life thou shieldest will I bring ;

The shades of night obey thy power, And at thy sun's bright beams depart.

All, great Cre - a - tor, all is thine, The heart, my noblest of - fer - ing.

- 3 The morning light shall see my prayer, 4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime  
 The noon-day calm shall know my praise; My constant inspirations be ;  
 And evening's still and fragrant air And every shifting scene of time,  
 My grateful hymn to thee shall raise. Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

ANON.

45

- 1 Now with creation's morning song, 3 And ever, as the day glides by,  
 Let us, as children of the day ; May we the busy senses rein ;  
 With wakened heart and purpose strong, Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
 The works of darkness cast away. Nor let the conscience suffer stain.
- 2 Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear, 4 Grant us, O God, in love to thee,  
 Its own sweet calm in us instill ! Clear eyes to measure things below,  
 A sinless mind, a heart sincere, Faith, the invisible to see,  
 Simplicity of word and will. And wisdom, thee in all to know.

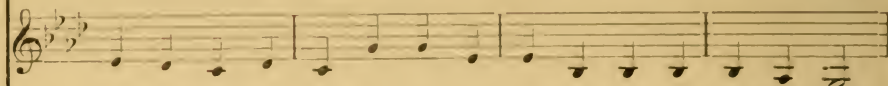
ROMAN BRIEVARY.

46

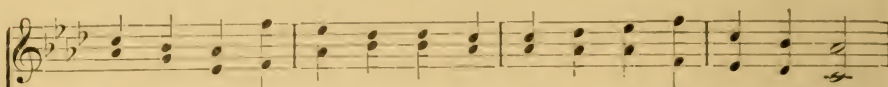
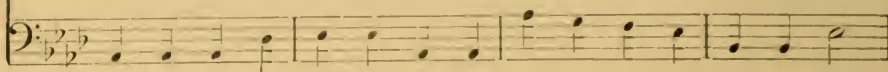
A. R. REINAGLE, 1876.



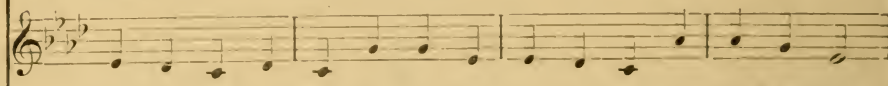
1. Ho - ly Fath - er, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone;



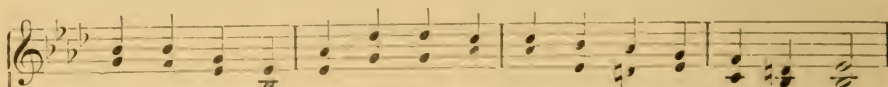
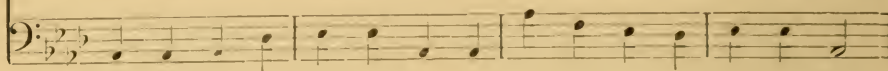
2. I would trust in thy pro - tec - tion, Wholly rest up - on thine arm;



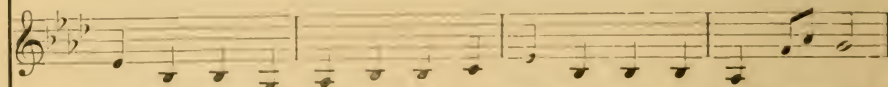
Year by year thy hand hath brought me On through dangers oft unknown.



Fol - low whol - ly thy di - rec - tion, Thou, my on - ly guard from harm!



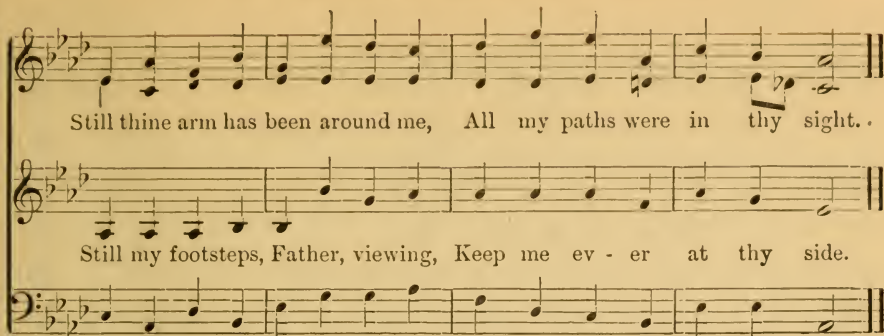
When I wandered, thou hast found me; When I doubted, sent me light;



Keep me from my own un - do - ing, Help me turn to thee when tried;







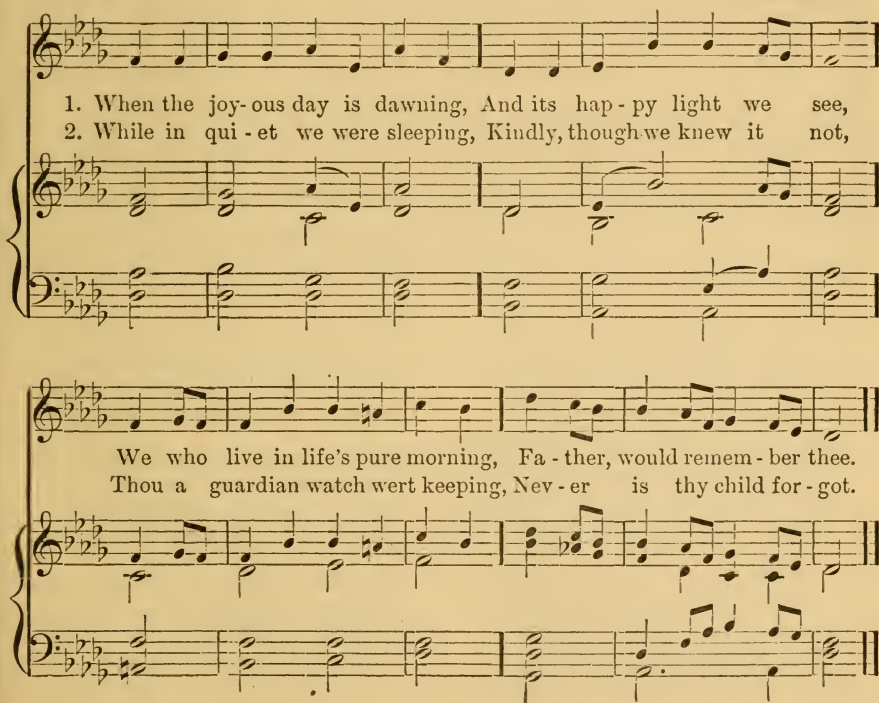
Still thine arm has been around me, All my paths were in thy sight.

Still my footsteps, Father, viewing, Keep me ev - er at thy side.

## MORNING HYMN. 8s & 7s. UNISON.

47

A. RANDEGGER.



1. When the joy-ous day is dawning, And its hap-py light we see,  
2. While in qui-et we were sleeping, Kindly, though we knew it not,

We who live in life's pure morning, Fa-ther, would remem-ber thee.  
Thou a guardian watch wert keeping, Nev-er is thy child for-got.

FROM BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank thee for thy gifts of light ;

2. Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart, Fresh force to do our dai - ly part ;

As in the dawn the shad-ows fly, We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Thy slumber-gifts our strength re-store Throughout the day to serve thee more.

3 O Lord of light, 'tis thou alone  
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own ;  
O then be with us, Lord, that we  
In thy great day may wake to thee.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently keep,  
Be my last thought — how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;  
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;  
Till psalm and song his name adore,  
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

F. T. PALGRAVE. 1860.

1 SUN of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near ;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere thro' the world our way we take  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

50

JOHN STAINER.

1. I sing th'almighty power of God, That made the mountains rise,

2. I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;

That spread the flow-ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.

He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.

51

- 3 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed, 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !  
Where'er I turn mine eye ;  
If I survey the ground I tread, We own thy power divine ;  
Or gaze upon the sky ! We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
But makes thy glories known ! They work thy sovereign will ;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
By order from thy throne. Confusion shall be still.
- 5 Creatures that borrow life from thee 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
Are subject to thy care ; To them that seek thy face,  
There's not a place where we can flee, And mingles with the tempest's roar  
But God is present there. The whispers of thy grace.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1750,

## 52

1. My God, how won - der - ful thou art, Thy Maj - es - ty, how bright !

2. Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord, Almight - y as thou art ;

How beau - ti - ful thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light !

For thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee ;  
 No mother half so mild  
 Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
 With me, thy sinful child.

FREDERIC W. FABER. 1849.

## 53

1 LORD, when my raptured thought surveys  
 Creation's beauties o'er,  
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
 And bid my soul adore,

2 On me thy providence has shone  
 With gentle smiling rays ;  
 Oh, let my lips and life make known  
 Thy goodness and thy praise.

3 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart !  
 Oh, teach me to improve  
 Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,  
 And crown them with thy love.

MISS ANNE STEELE. 1760.

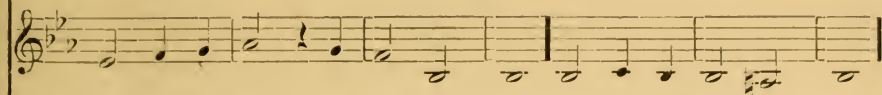


54

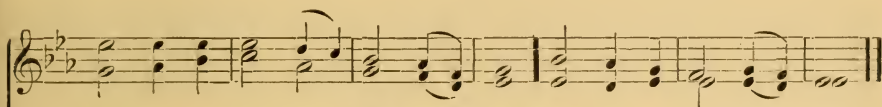
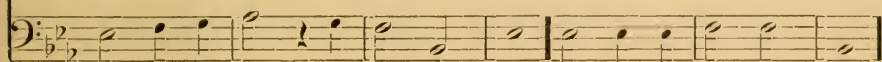
E. A. ANDREWS. 1868.



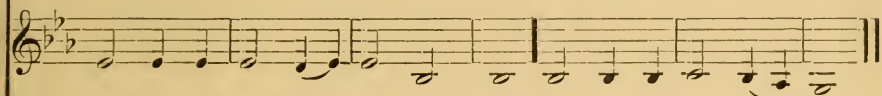
1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired;



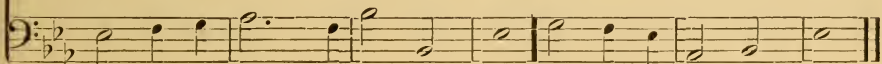
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought,



Loud and more loud the an - thems raise, With grateful ar - dor fired.



Loads ev'-ry mo - ment, as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.



3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray, [death  
Which lights through darkest shades of  
To realms of endless day.

WARDLAW.

2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove;  
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
To show that "God is love."

55

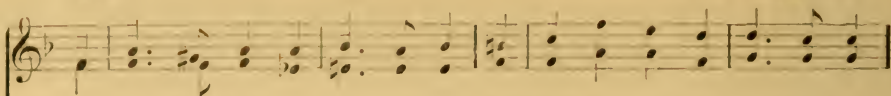
1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, 3 Oh, may we all, while here below,  
And raise your thoughts above: This best of blessings prove;  
Let every heart and voice accord, Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
To sing that "God is love." Proclaim that "God is love."

BURDER,



## 56

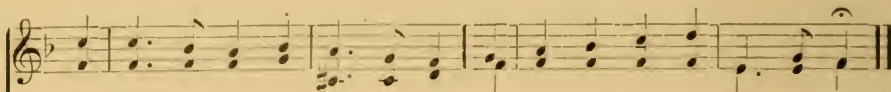
J. B. CALKIN. 1872.



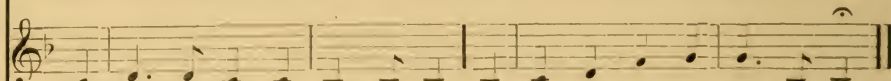
1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays At-tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:



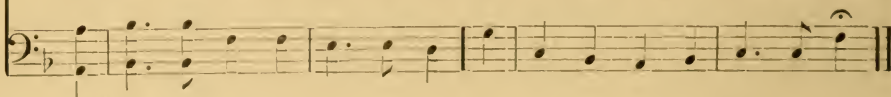
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar-ment wears;



But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!



To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou-sand suns a - round him shine.



3 In all our Maker's grand designs,

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,

Almighty power with wisdom shines;

Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, And let his praise employ thy tongue,

Declare the glory of his name.

Till listening worlds shall join the song.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1754.

## 57

1 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,

Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!

In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—

Thy gospel makes the simple wise:

Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,

Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

And make thy word my guide to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

58

GUILLAUME FRANC. 1543.

1. Ye na - tions round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sov' reign King ;

2. The Lord is God,—'tis he a - lone Doth life and breath and be - ing give ;

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

We are his work and not our own, The sheep that on his pas - tures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
 With praises to his courts repair ;  
 And make it your divine employ,  
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good,—the Lord is kind ;  
 Great is his grace,—his mercy sure ;  
 And all the race of man shall find  
 His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

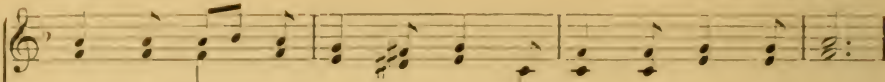
59

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator's praise arise :  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !  
 Eternal truth attends thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
 shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

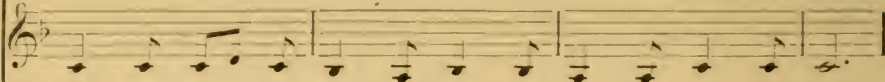
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

## 60

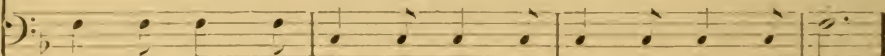
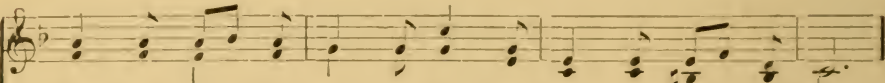
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. 1872.



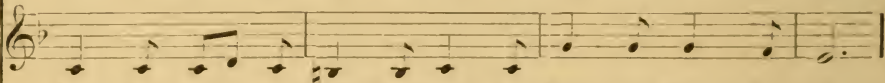
1. An - gel voice - es, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light;  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest, Men - tal eye can scan,



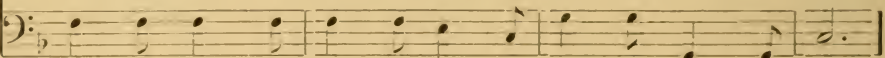
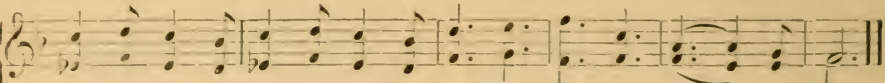
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee;

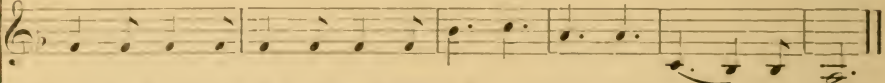
An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;  
 Can it be that thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?



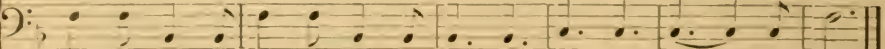
And for thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,

Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And confess thee, Lord of might!  
 Can we feel that thou art near us, And will hear us? Yes, we can.



Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.



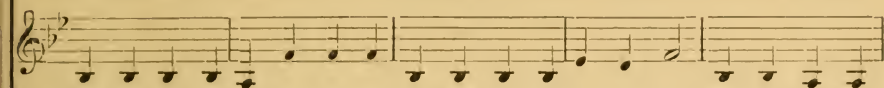
FRANCIS POTT, 1861.

61

S. S. HYMNAL.



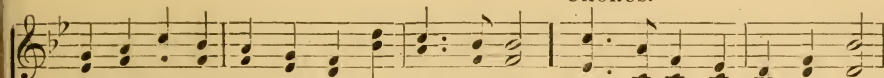
1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor, Praise to thee, from ev' - ry tongue : Join, my soul with



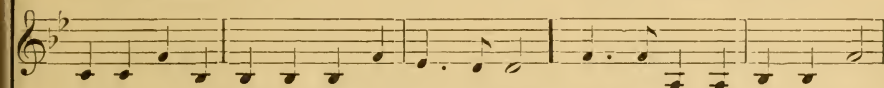
2. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our songs we raise, There, en - raptured,



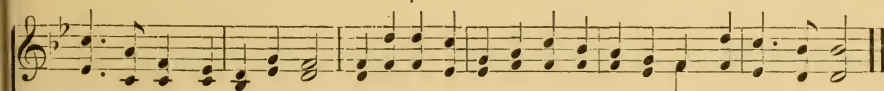
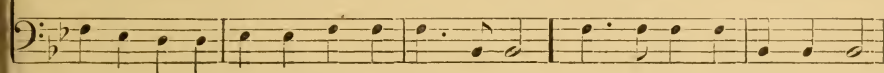
## CHORUS.



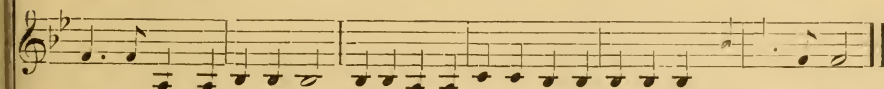
ev' - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song. Praise the Father, earth and heav'n,



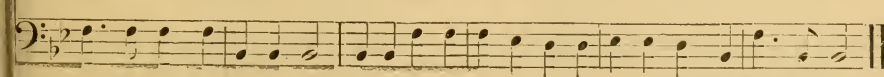
full before him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise. Praise the Father, earth and heav'n,



Father, Son, and Spirit praise; As it was, and is, be given, Glo - ry thro' e - ter - nal days.



Father, Son, and Spirit praise; As it was, and is, be given, Glo - ry thro' e - ter - nal days.



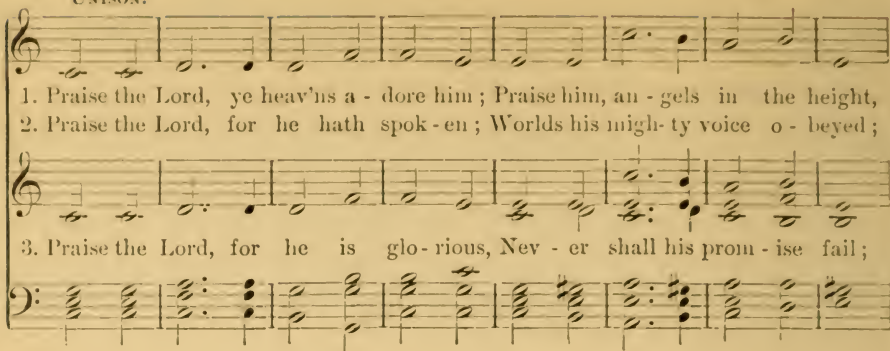
JOHN FAWCETT, 1767.



## 62

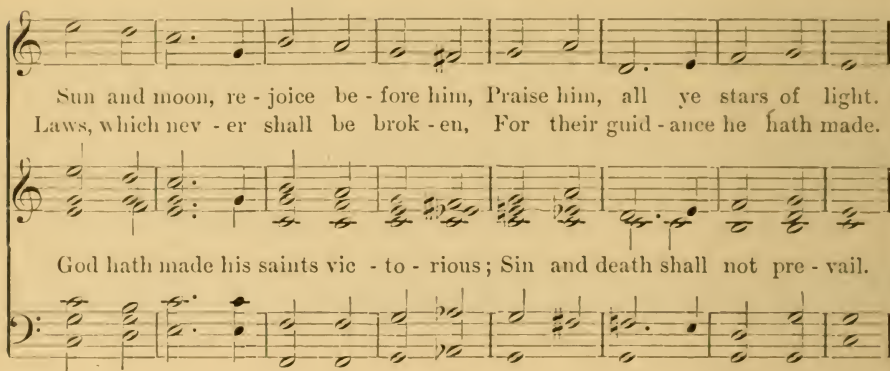
ALBERT LOWE.

UNISON.



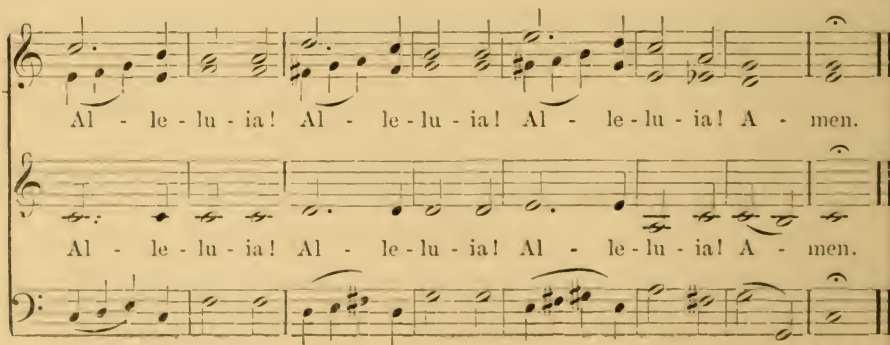
1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'n's a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels in the height,  
 2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spok - en; Worlds his might - ty voice o - beyed;

3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious, Nev - er shall his prom - ise fail;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him, Praise him, all ye stars of light.  
 Laws, which nev - er shall be brok - en, For their guid - ance he hath made.

God hath made his saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

ANON.

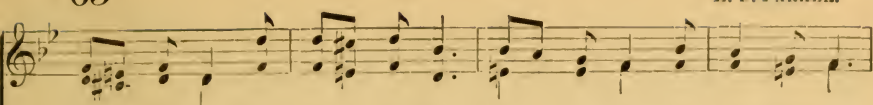


# PSALM OF PRAISE.

41

63

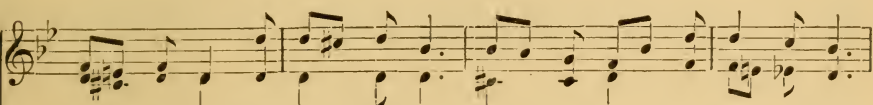
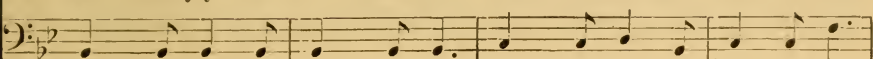
E. P. PARKER.



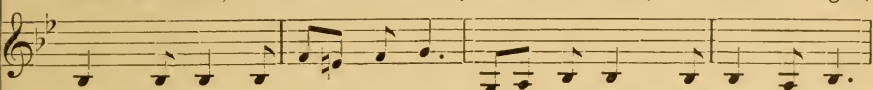
1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,  
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night;



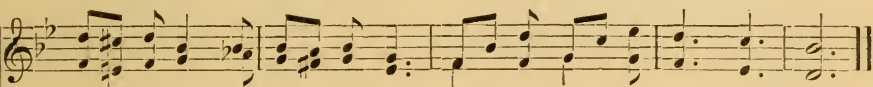
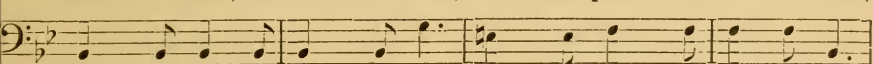
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, pa - rent, child;



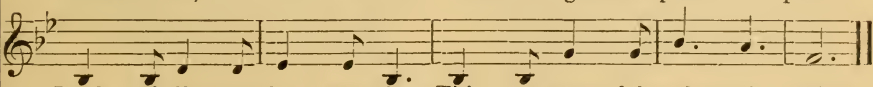
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies;  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light;



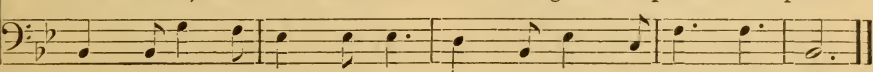
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, Pleas - ures pure and un - de - fied;



Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.  
Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.



Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.



F. S. PIERPONT. 1861.

## 64

Arr. from WELER.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev' - ry tongue!

2. Fath - er, source of all com - passion, Pure, un - bounded grace is thine;

Join my soul with ev' - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.

Hail the God of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.

- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise,  
There, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT. 1767.

## 65

- 1 ALWAYS with us, always with us—  
Words of cheer and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers  
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hopes within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream!  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

EDWIN N. NEVIN. 1858.

## 66

LORD MORNINGTON. 1765.

1. Blest be thou, O God of Is - rael! Thou, our Fa - ther and our Lord!

2. Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness; Glo - ry, vict'ry, are thine own;

Maj - es - ty is thine for - ev - er; Ev - er be thy name a - dored.

All is thine, in earth and heav-en, O - ver all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor;  
Power and might to thee belong;  
Thine it is to make us prosper,  
Only thine to make us strong.

2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Lord, our God, for these thy bounties,  
Hymns of gratitude we raise;  
To thy name, forever glorious,  
Ever we address our praise.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day before thee —  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

ANON.

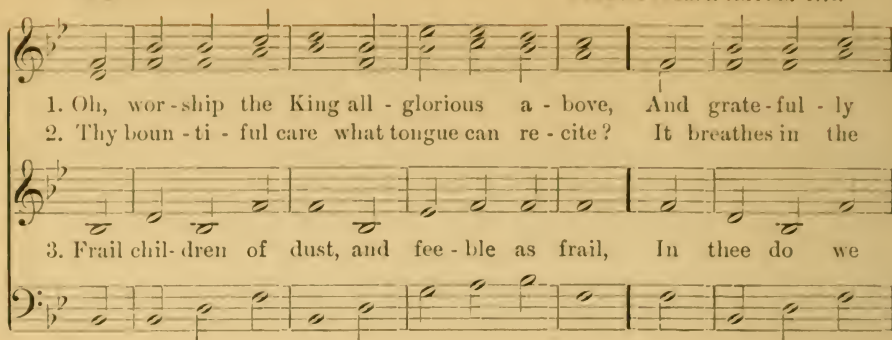
## 67

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.

4 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight and prayer to praise,

MISS GRANT.

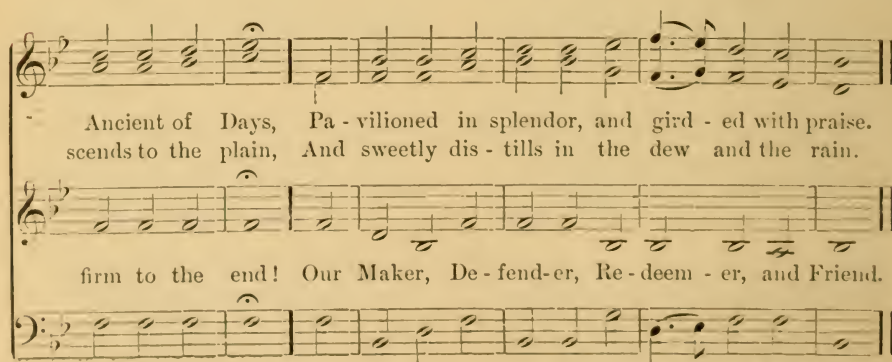
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1770.



1. Oh, wor-ship the King all - glorious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly  
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the  
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we



sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the  
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -  
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



Ancient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.  
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
firm to the end! Our Maker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

SIR ROBERT GRANT. 1830.

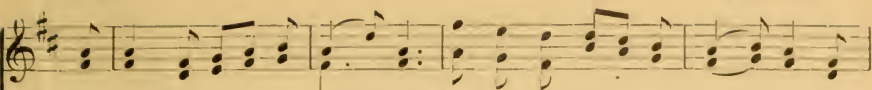


# IN COUNTLESS SONGS.

45

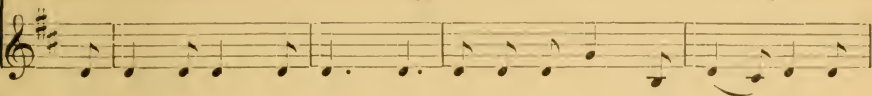
69

G. ROCHLICH.

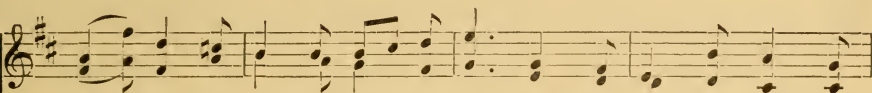
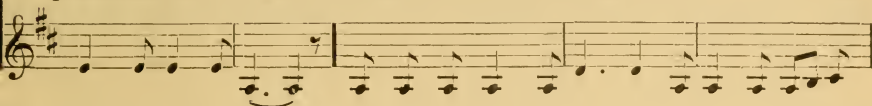


1. In countless songs a - bound - ing, Mel - o - dy sweet is sounding Thro'

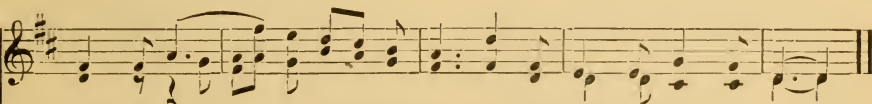
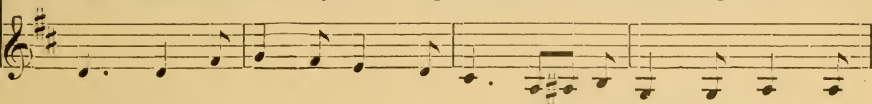
2. When noon-tide sun is shin - ing, Or in the eve de - clin-ing, Earth's



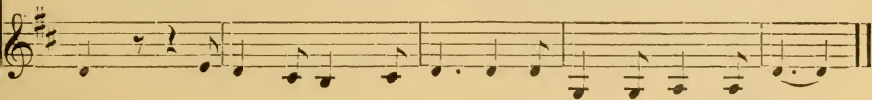
all the leaf-y wood, Ringing in branches o'er us, And down the glade be-  
praises shall be re - newed; Goodness still marks each feature Of u - ni - ver - sal



fore us, Is heard the thank-ful cho - rus, Pro-claim-ing "God is  
na - ture, In ev' - ry liv - ing crea - ture, Pro-claim-ing "God is



good," Is heard . . . the thankful cho - rus, Proclaim-ing "God is good."  
good," In ev' - - ry liv - ing crea - ture, Proclaim-ing "God is good."

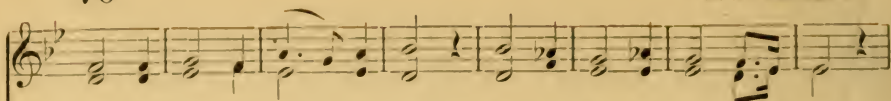


A. J. FOXWELL.



## 70

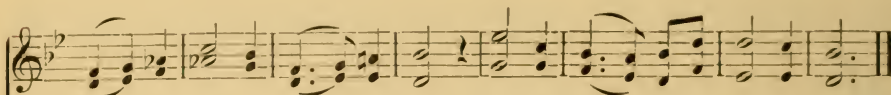
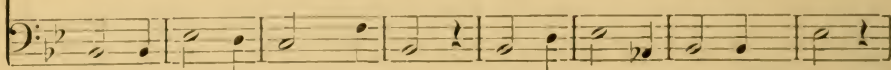
E. A. ANDREWS.



1. Suppliant, lo thy child - ren bend, Fath-er, for thy bless-ing now;



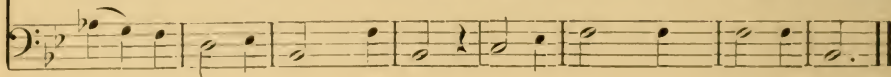
2. With the peace thy word im - parts, Be the taught and teachers blessed;



Thou canst teach us, guide, de-fend; We are weak, al - night - y thou.



In our lives and in our hearts, Father, be thy laws im-pressed.



3 Pour into each longing mind  
Light and pardon from above,  
Charity for all our kind,  
Trusting faith, and holy love.

ANON.

2 From thy works our joys arise,  
O thou only good and wise!  
Who thy wonders can declare?  
How profound thy counsels are!

## 71

1 Thou who art enthroned above,  
Thou by whom we live and move!  
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
To resound thy praise in song!

3 Warm our hearts with sacred fire;  
Grateful fervors still inspire;  
All our powers, with all their might,  
Ever in thy praise unite.

SANDYS.

72

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lord this day thy children meet, In thy house with will- ing feet ;

2. Not a - lone the day of rest With thy wor- ship shall be blest ;

Un - to thee this day they raise Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

In our pleas- ure and our glee, Lord, we would re - mem-ber thee.

3 All our pleasures here below,  
Saviour, from thy mercy flow ;  
Little children thou dost love,  
Draw our hearts to thee above.  
W. W. HOW. 1860.

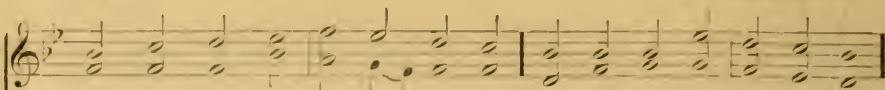
2 Mercies dawn with every day,  
Newer, brighter than before,  
And the sun's declining ray  
Layeth others up in store.

73

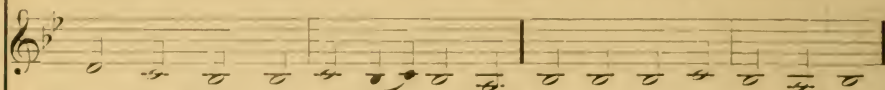
1 ALL that's good, and great, and true,  
All that is, and is to be,  
Be it old, or be it new,  
Comes, O Father, comes from thee.

3 Fill us, then, with love divine ;  
Grant that we, though toiling here,  
May in spirit, being thine,  
See and hear thee everywhere.

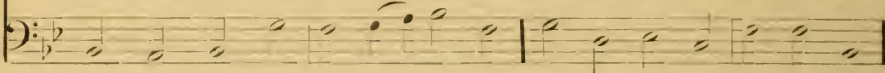
GODFREY THRING. 1866



1. God is love; by him up - hold - en, Hang the glorious orbs of light,  
 2. And the teen - ing earth re - joic - es In the message from a - bove,



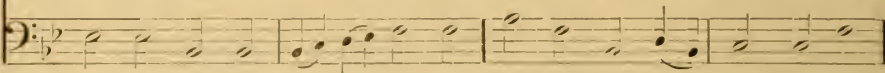
3. Through that prec - ious love he sought us, Wand'ring from his ho - ly ways,



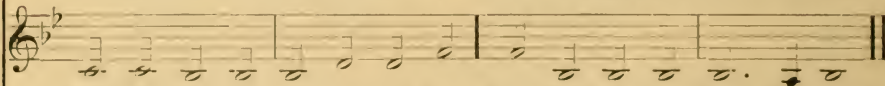
In their language glad and gold - en Speaking to us day and night.  
 With ten thousand thousand voic - es Tell - ing back from hill and grove;



With that prec - ious life he bought us; Then let all our fu - ture days,



Hear them tell - ing their glad sto - ry, God is Love, and God is Light.  
 Tell - ing clear - ly her glad sto - ry, God is Might, and God is Love.



Prais - ing dai - ly, tell this sto - ry: Love is Life—our lives be praise.



75

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet thy trib - ute bring;  
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;  
 3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows;

By him ransomed and for - giv - en, Who like thee his praise should sing?  
 Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 In his hands he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;

Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness!  
 Praise him, praise him, ev - er - more! Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows.



1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To thee all praise and glo - ry be;

2. The gold-en sunshine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit thy love de-clare;

How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv - est all?

When har - vests ri - pen, thou art there, Who giv - est all.

- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days, 2 If but my fainting heart be blest  
For all the blessings earth displays, With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
We owe thee truthfulness and praise, My God, to thee I leave the rest;  
Who givest all. "Thy will be done!"

- 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, 3 Renew my will from day to day;  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven, Blend it with thine, and take away  
Father, what can to thee be given, Whate'er now makes it hard to say,  
Who givest all? "Thy will be done!"

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. 1865.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray 4 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
Far from my home, on life's rough way, The prayer oft mixed with tears before  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, I'll sing upon a happier shore:  
"Thy will be done!" "Thy will be done!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834.

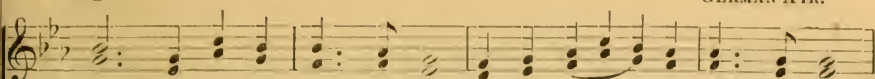


# LORD OF EARTH. 7s Double.

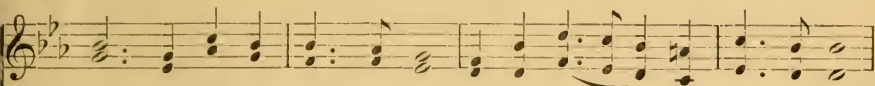
51

78

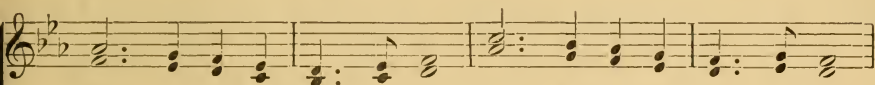
GERMAN AIR.



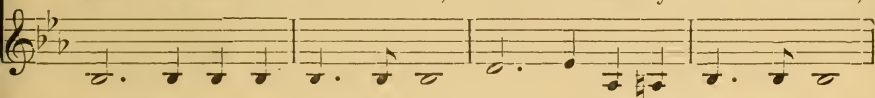
1. Lord of earth! thy form - ing hand Well this beauteous frame hath planned;



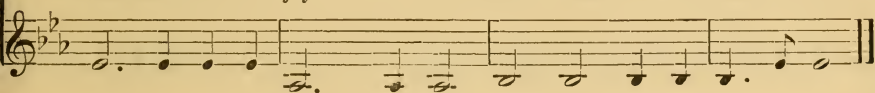
Woods that wave, and hills that tow'r, O - cean roll - - ing in his pow'r;



Yet a - mid this scene so fair, Should I cease thy smile to share,



What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but thee?



2 Oh, that world is passing fair,  
Yet if thou wert absent there,  
What were all its joys to me?  
Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
Lord of earth and heaven! my breast  
Seeks in thee its only rest;  
I was lost; thy accents mild  
Homeward lured thy wandering child.

3 I was blind; thy healing ray  
Charmed the long eclipse away;  
Source of every joy I know,  
Solace of my every woe!  
Oh, if once thy smile divine  
Ceased upon my soul to shine,  
What were earth or heaven to me?  
Whom have I in *each* but thee?

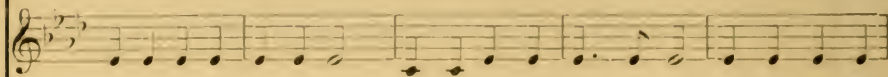
ROBERT GRANT.

79

L. VON BEETHOVEN.



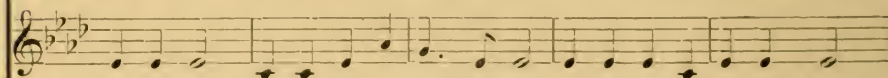
1. Let us with a joy - ful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer - cies



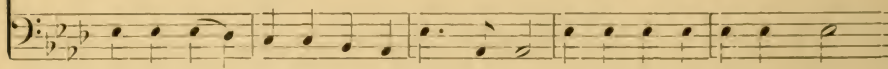
2. All his creatures God doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need: Let us there - fore



shall en - dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure. Let us sound his name a - broad,



war - ble forth His high ma - jes - ty and worth. He his man - sion hath on high,



For of Gods he is the God Who by wisdom did create Heaven's expanse and all its state.



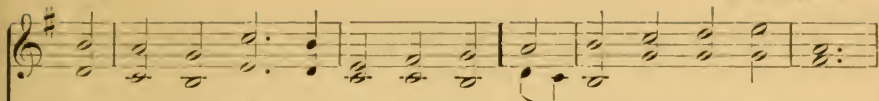
'Bove the reach of mortal eye; And his mercies shall endure Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.



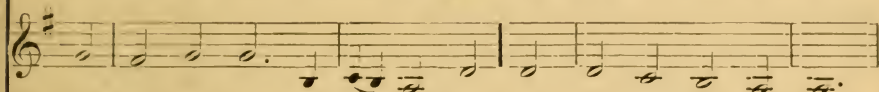
JOHN MILTON. 1623.

80

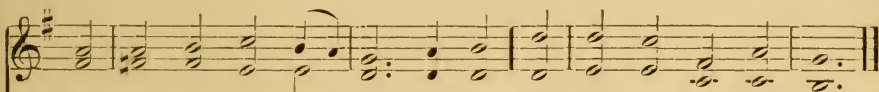
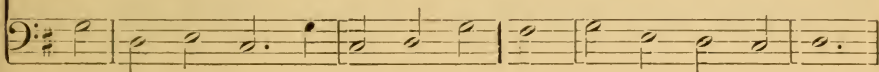
J. B. DYKES.



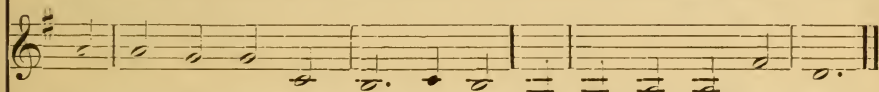
1. The mer - cies of my God and King My tongue shall still pur - sue ;



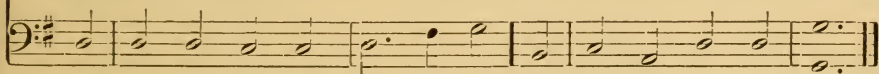
2. As bright and last - ing as the sun, As loft - y as the sky,



O hap - py they, who, while they sing Those mer - cies share them too.



From age to age thy truth shall run, And chance and change de - fy.

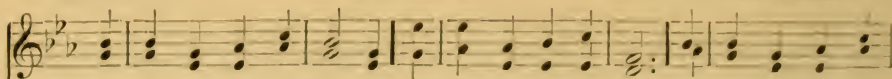


- 3 The mercies of the King of kings  
 Shall stand for ever sure ;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,  
 Created at thy will ;  
 The waves at thy command arise,  
 At thy command are still.

H. F. LYTE. 1834.

## 81

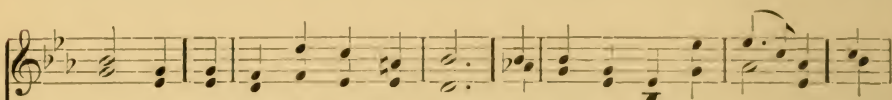
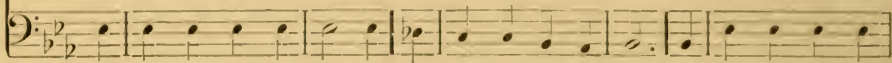
HENRY SMART.



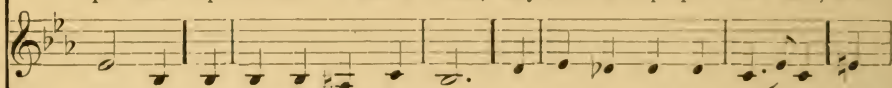
1. To thee, my God and Sav-iour, My heart ex-ult-ing sings, Re-joice-ing in thy
2. Soon as the morn with ro-ses Be-decks the dew-y east, And when the sun re-



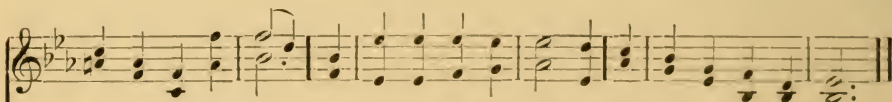
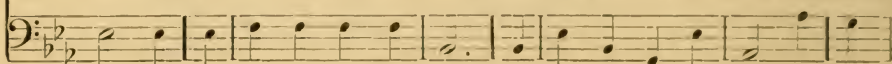
3. By thee, through life supported, I'll pass the dang'rous road, With heav'nly hosts es-



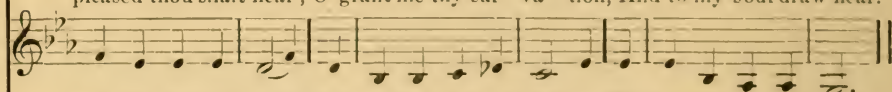
fa - vor, Almight-y King of kings! I'll cel - e - brate thy glo - ry, With  
po - ses Up - on the o - cean's breast, My voice in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well



cort - ed, Up to thy bright a - bode; Then cast my crown be - fore thee, And,



all thy saints above, And tell the joy-ful sto - ry Of thy re-deem-ing love.  
pleas'd thou shalt hear; O grant me thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.



all my conflicts o'er, Un - ceas-ing - ly a - dore thee: What could an angel more?



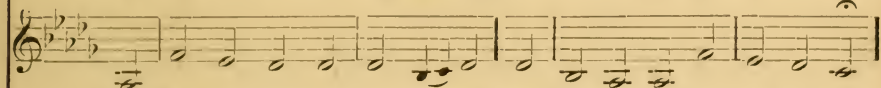


82

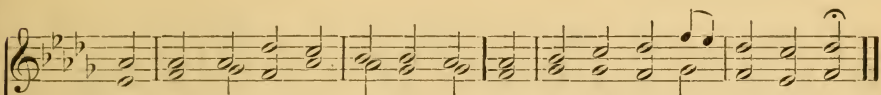
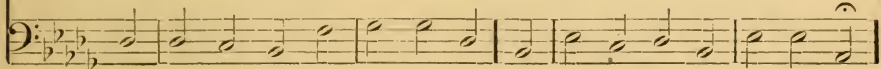
J. MAINZER.



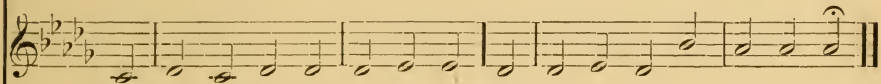
1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the rem-nant of my days;



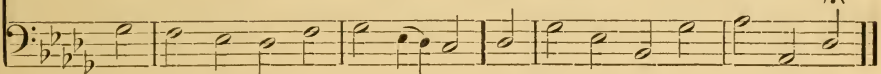
2. The wings of ev' - ry hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear;



Thy grace em-ploy my hum-ble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.



And ev' - ry set-ting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for thee.



3

Let distant times and nations raise

The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song

The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?

Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;

Vast and unsearchable thy ways!

Vast and immortal be thy praise!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.



83

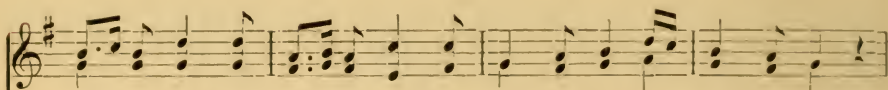
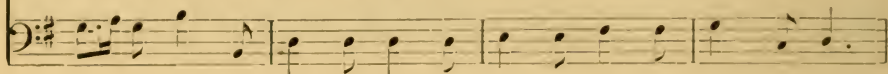
Arr. from MOZART. 1780.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling—Joy of heav'n! to earth come down!



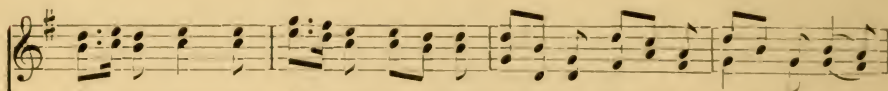
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev'-ry troubled breast!



Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faithful mer-cies crown:



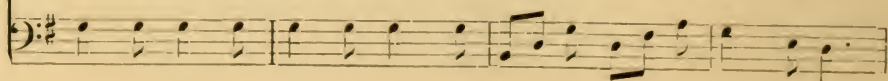
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest:



Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bounded love thou art;



Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive!



# Love Divine. Concluded.

57

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart.

Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be:  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee!

Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1747.

## RHINE. C. M.

84

FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER.

1. To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes, There all my hopes are laid:

The Lord that built the earth and skies Is my perpet-ual aid, Is my perpet-ual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall  
Whom he designs to keep;  
His ear attends the softest call,  
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

85

E. P. PARKER.

1. Thy name, O Lord, in sweet ac - cord, We wor - ship and a - dore;

2. O love di - vine! our hearts in - cline To shun each e - vil way;

Thy goodness bless, thy love confess, Thy ten - der grace im - plore.

With heart and might to do the right, And watch and work and pray.

3 O light divine! within us shine,  
 Bid doubts and darkness cease;  
 Our sins forgive, and help us live  
 In purity and peace.

4 Through all our days, in all our ways,  
 O, guide us from above;  
 Till hopes and fears and joys and tears  
 Shall bloom in heavenly love.

E. P. PARKER.

86

- 1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; 3 Thy bounty every season crowns  
 Thy goodness we adore; With all the bliss it yields;  
 A spring whose blessings never fail, With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
 A sea without a shore. With strengthening grain the fields
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
 In every golden ray; Is in the gospel seen;  
 Love draws the curtain of the night There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
 And love brings back the day. Without a cloud between.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1760,

87

Arr. from LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Fill thou my life, O Lord my God, In ev' - ry part with praise,  
 2. Not for the life of praise a - lone, Nor e'en the prais - ing heart,

That my whole be - ing may pro-claim Thy be - ing and thy ways,  
 I ask, but for a life made up Of praise in ev' - ry part.

3 Praise in the common things of life,  
 Its goings out and in ;  
 Praise in each duty, and each deed,  
 However small and mean.

4 So shall no part of day or night  
 From sacredness be free ;  
 But all my life, in every step,  
 Be fellowship with thee.

H. BONAR. 1860.

88

1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
 Of our eternal King :  
 "Thrice holy Lord !" the angels cry ;  
 "Thrice holy !" let us sing.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
 A broken heart shall please him more  
 Than noblest forms of speech.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
 Pay, O my soul ! to God ;  
 Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,  
 To his sublime abode.

4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul  
 From all pollution free ;  
 The pure in heart are thy delight,  
 And they thy face shall see.

NEEDHAM.



1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee, We  
And

2. The toils of day are o - ver; We raise our hymn to thee, We pray  
And ask

ask pray thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be; O  
O Je - sus

that free from pe - ril, The hours of dark may be; O

Je - sus keep us in thy sight, And save us through the com - ing night.  
keep us

Je - sus keep us in thy sight, And save us through the com - ing night.

3 Be thou our souls Preserver,  
O God, for thou dost know  
How many are the dangers  
Through which we have to go;  
O loving Jesus, hear our call,  
And guard and save us from them all.



# EVENING HYMN.

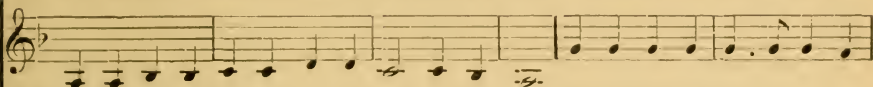
61

90

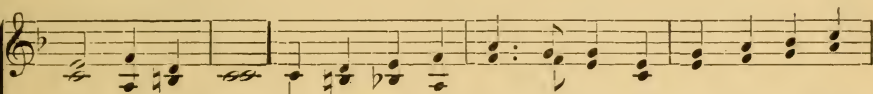
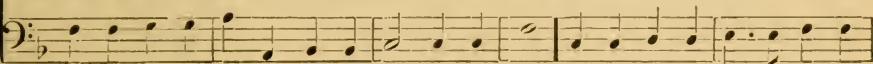
J. TILLEARD.



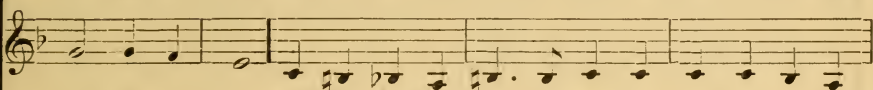
1. God, that madest earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light! Who the day for toil hast gi-ven,



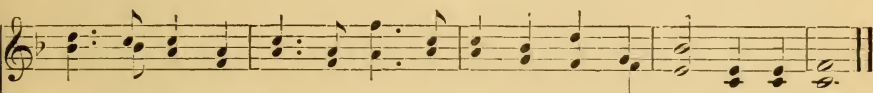
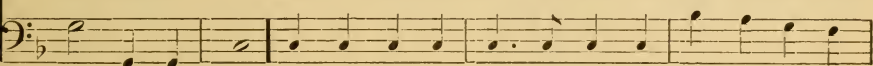
2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping, And when we die, May we in thy might-y keep-ing



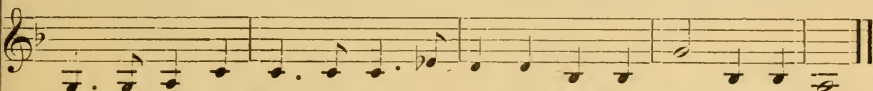
For rest the night! May thine an-gel guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy



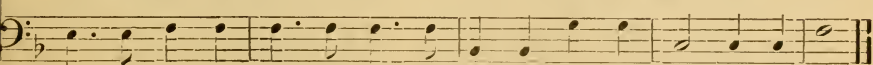
All peace-ful lie; When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not thou our



mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.



God for-sake us, But to reign in glo-ry take us, With thee on high.



## TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

91

THOMAS TALLIS. 1567.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light :

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done ;

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Beneath thine own al - mighty wings.

That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed :  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

5 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep,  
Thy careful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !  
- Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,  
The bliss of thy paternal care :  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love !

THOMAS KEN. 1697.

92

1 O God, the Light of all that live,  
Unmoved, who dost all motion sway,  
The times and seasons who dost give,  
And thro' its changes guide the day !

2 At eventide let there be light ;  
So may our souls no sunset see,  
And death to us the portal bright  
To an eternal morning be.

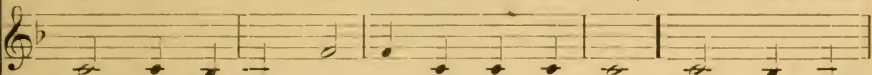
ANON.

93

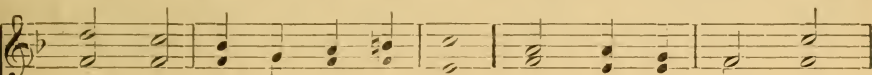
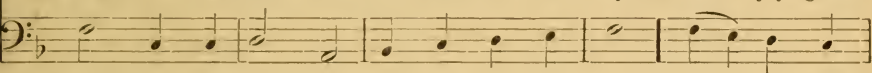
W. H. MONK. 1861.



1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness



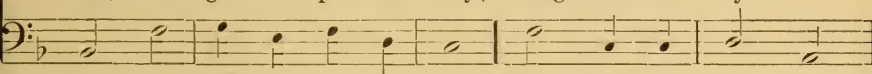
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers



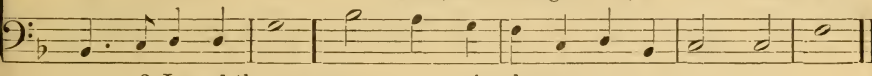
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!

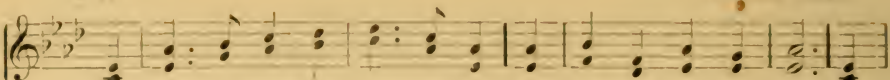


all a-round I see! O thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!

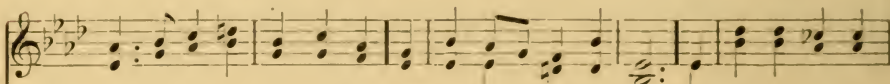


- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!


HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847,



1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky; Up -  
 2. The rays of day - light slow - ly fade, So fade with - in our heart The



- on the fragrance of the flowers The dews of evening lie; Before thy throne, O  
 hopes in earthly love and joy, That one by one de - part; The bright stars slowly,  
 midnight fears and pe - rils then Our trembling hearts defend; Give us a res - pite



Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; Look on thy children from on high,  
 one by one, With - in the a - zure shine; Give us, O Lord, new hopes in heaven,  
 from our toil, Calm and sub due our woes; Through the long day we labor, Lord,

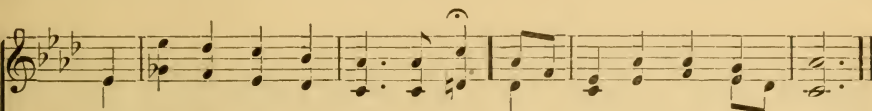
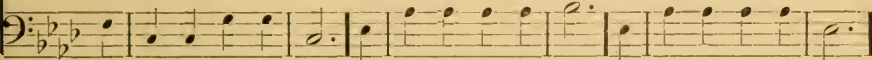




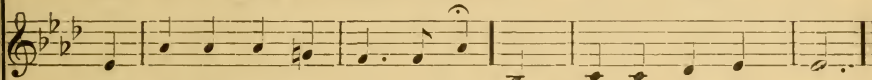
And hear us while we pray, And hear us while we pray, And hear us while we pray ;  
And trust in things di-vine, And trust in things divine, And trust in things di-vine,



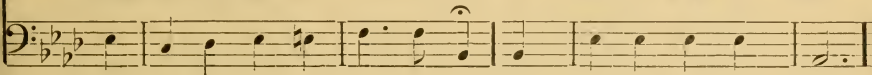
O give us now re - pose, O give us now re - pose, O give us now re - pose,



Look on thy child - ren from on high, And hear us while we pray.  
Give us, O Lord, new hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.



Through the long day we la - bor, Lord, O give us now re - pose.



ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

95

1 Abide among us with thy grace,  
Lord Jesus ever more,  
Nor let us e'er to sin give place,  
Nor grieve him we adore.  
Abide among us with thy word,  
Redeemer, whom we love ;  
Thy help and mercy here afford,  
And life with thee above.

2 Abide among us with thy ray,  
O Light that lightest all,  
And let the truth preserve our way,  
Nor suffer us to fall.  
Abide with us to bless us still,  
O bounteous Lord of peace,  
With grace and power our souls now fill,  
Our faith and love increase.

STEGMAN, trans. by C. WINKWORTH.



## 96

GEORGE HEWS. 1835.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

2. Thou, whose all per - va - ding eye, Naught escapes, with - out, with - in,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.

- 3 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away :  
- Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE. 1824.

## 97

- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,  
Love unfailing, full and free;  
Love that no alarm can move,  
Love that ever rests on thee.
- 1 Thou, from whom we never part,  
Thou, whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
Listen to our evening prayer.
- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night,  
Keep us safe from every ill;  
Cheerful as the morning light,  
May we wake to do thy will.

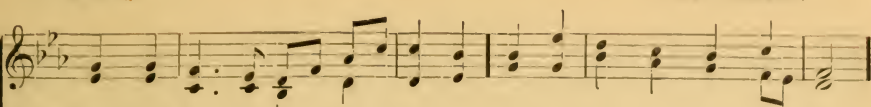
ANON.

# EVENING PRAYER. 8s, 7s, 7s.

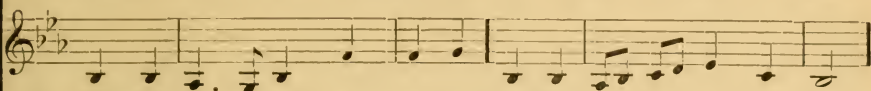
67

98

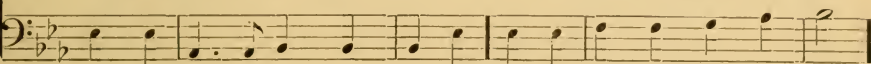
JOHN TILLEARD.



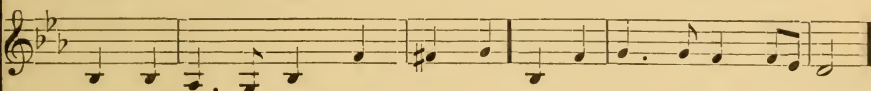
1. Through the day thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;



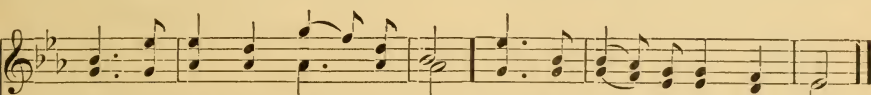
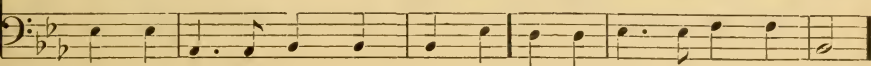
2. Pil-grims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes,



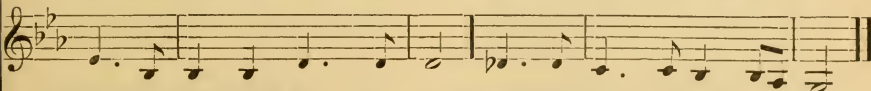
Through the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;



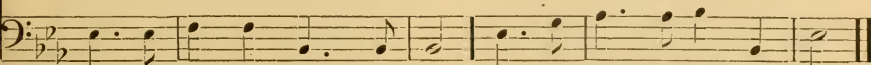
Us and ours preserve from dan-ger; In thy love may we re- pose!



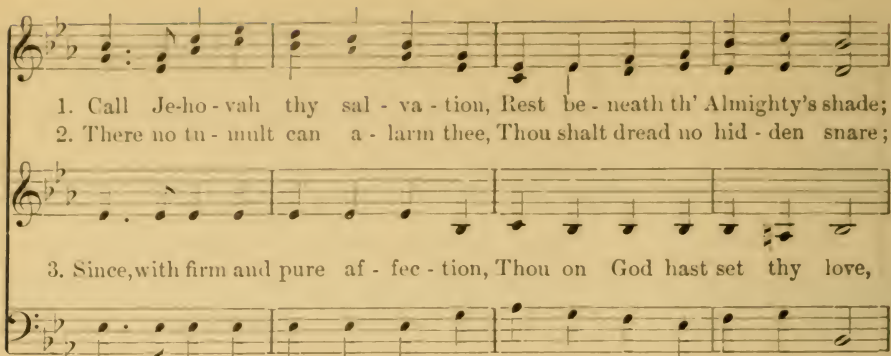
Je-sus, thou our guar-dian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee.



And when life's brief day is past, Rest with thee in heav'n at last!

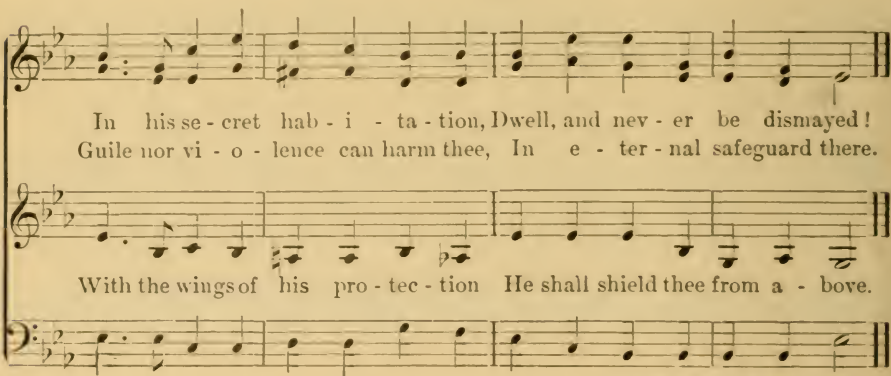


THOMAS KELLEY. 1840.



1. Call Je-ho-vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th' Almighty's shade;  
2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;

3. Since, with firm and pure af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,



In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion, Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed!  
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.

With the wings of his pro - tec - tion He shall shield thee from a - bove.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1825.

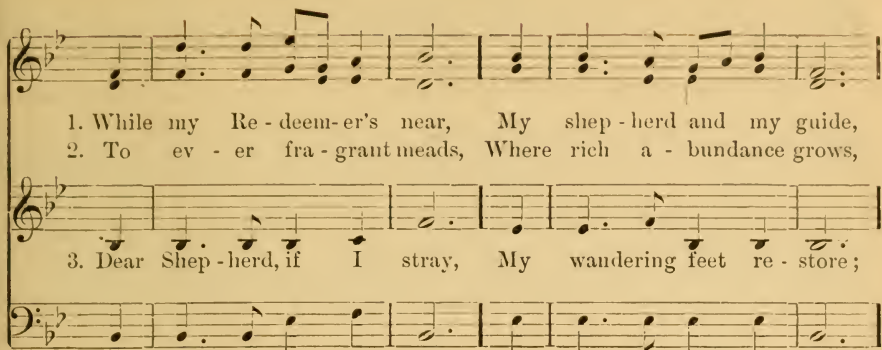
## 100

- 1- SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing. 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing; Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art he who, never weary,  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. Watcheth where thy people be.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us, 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
Though the arrow near us fly, And our couch become our tomb,  
Angel guards from thee surround us; May the morn in heaven awake us,  
We are safe if thou art nigh. Clad in light and deathless bloom.

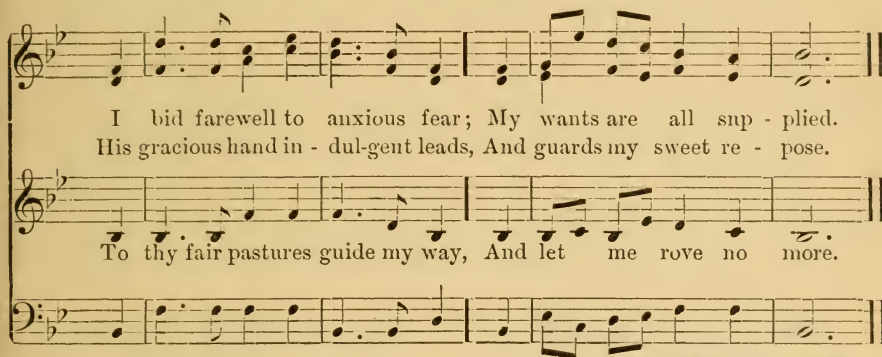
JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.

101

B. JEPSON. 1864.



1. While my Re - deem - er's near, My shep - herd and my guide,  
2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bundance grows,  
3. Dear Shep - herd, if I stray, My wandering feet re - store ;



I bid farewell to anxious fear ; My wants are all sup - plied.  
His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.  
To thy fair pastures guide my way, And let me rove no more.

MISS ANNE STEELE. 1760.

102

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 STILL with thee, O my God,<br>I would desire to be ;<br>By day, by night, at home, abroad,<br>I would be still with thee.     | 3 With thee, when day is done,<br>And evening calms the mind ;<br>The setting as the rising sun<br>With thee my heart would find. |
| 2 With thee, when dawn comes in,<br>And calls me back to care ;<br>Each day returning to begin<br>With thee, my God, in prayer. | 4 With thee, in thee, by faith<br>Abiding I would be ;<br>By day, by night, in life, in death,<br>I would be still with thee.     |

ANON.



## 103

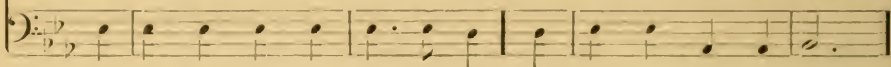
J. B. DYKES. 1864.



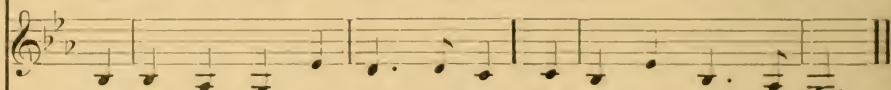
1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given!



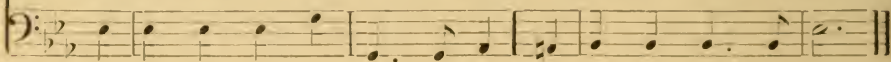
2. It sweet-ly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears;



Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.



Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris-ing fears.



- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
Of life, shall guide our way, And radiant cloud by day! [bark,  
Till we behold the clearer light When waves would whelm our tossing  
Of an eternal day. Our anchor and our stay!

JOHN FAWCETT. 1782.

## 104

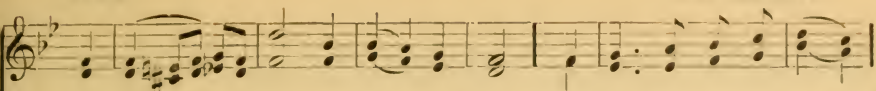
- 1 LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!  
Brook by the traveller's way!
- 2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;  
True manna from on high!  
Our guide and chart wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 4 Word of the everlasting God!  
Will of his glorious Son!  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, child-like hearts.

BARTON.



105

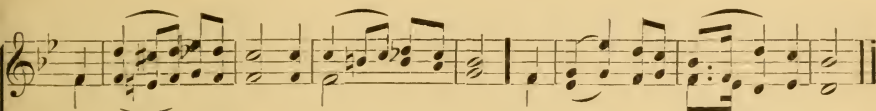
E. A. ANDREWS.



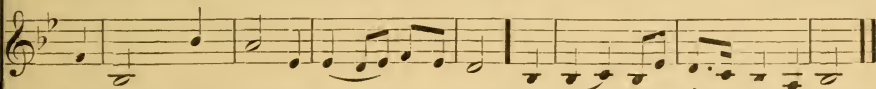
1. Fa-ther of mercies, in thy word What end-less glo-ries shine!



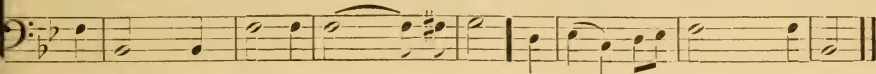
2. Here my Re-deem-er's wel-come voice Spreads heav'nly peace a-round;



For-ev-er be thy name a-dored For these ce-less-tial lines.



And life and ev-er-last-ing joys At-tend the bliss-ful sound.



3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above!

WILLIAM COWPER. 1780.

106

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives but borrows none.

## 107

ORATORY HYMNS.

1. Thy word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair ;

2. Thy word is like a deep, deep mine ; And jew - els rich and rare

And ev' - ry one who seeks shall find The fair - est blos - soms there.

Are hid - den in its might - y depths, For ev' - ry search - er there.

3 Thy word is like a starry host ;  
A thousand rays of light,  
Are seen, to guide the traveler  
And make his pathway bright.

4 O, may I love thy precious word,  
May I explore the mine,  
May I its fragrant flowers glean,  
May light upon me shine.

EDWIN HODDER. 1865.

## 108

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts, 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

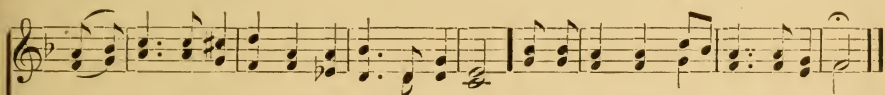
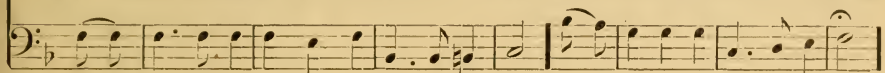
ISAAC WATTS. 1719.



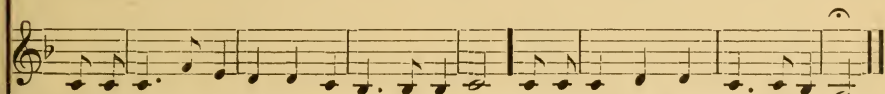
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,



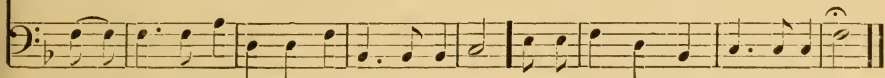
2. I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me,



How he call'd lit - tle children like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.



And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."



3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,—

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children shall be with him there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle workers, Yet we fain would do thy will,

2. Thou hast taught us, blessed Saviour, That e'en whispered words can fly

So we pray thee, Lord, to help us, Low - ly du - ties to ful - fill.

Far a - bove the clouds of heaven, And be heard by thee on high.

3 Help us, then, to say to others,  
Who have never learnt to know —  
“God is listening still to answer  
Those who watch and wait below.”

2 Drawing nearer still and nearer,  
May we close and closer cling  
To our Lord, and to his altar  
There ourselves an offering bring.

4 Grant that we, thy willing workers,  
By thy grace may find at length,  
Even children in their weakness,  
May help others in their strength

3 Serving thee, our heavenly Father,  
From the dawn to set of sun,  
Serving thee in life's young morning,  
Till our work on earth is done.

A. MARRYAT.

## 111

1 GRANT us, O our heavenly Father,  
Now in these our early days,  
Thee in all things to remember,  
Thee to serve, and thee to praise.

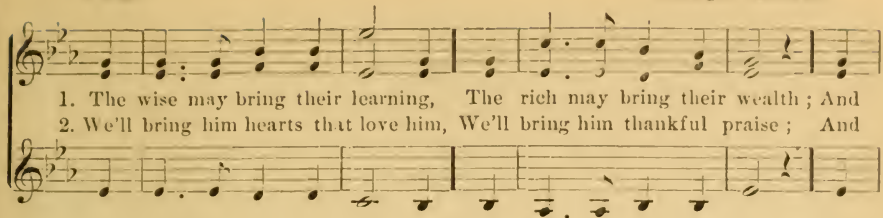
4 Till the shadows of the evening  
Shall forever pass away,  
And the resurrection morning  
Kindle into perfect day.

GODFREY THRING. 1865.

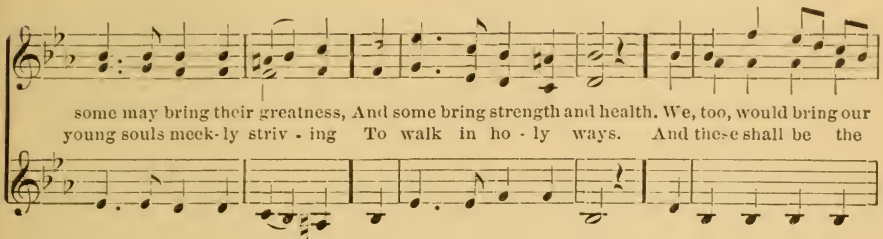


112

Arranged from A.B.T.



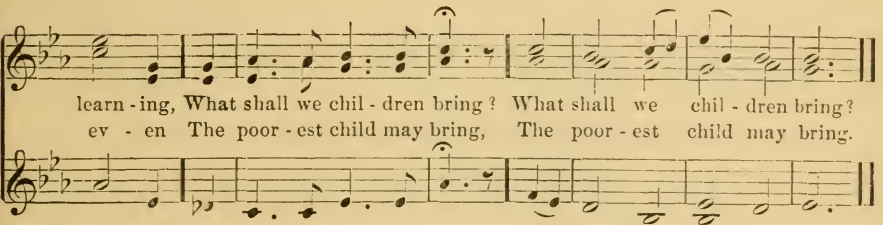
1. The wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth; And  
2. We'll bring him hearts that love him, We'll bring him thankful praise; And



some may bring their greatness, And some bring strength and health. We, too, would bring our  
young souls meek-ly striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways. And these shall be the



treas - ures, To off - er to the King, We have no wealth or  
treas - ures, We off - er to the King, And these are gifts that



learn - ing, What shall we chil - dren bring? What shall we chil - dren bring?  
ev - en The poor - est child may bring, The poor - est child may bring.


3 We'll bring the little duties,  
We have to do each day,  
We'll try our best to please him,  
At home, at school, at play.

And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King,  
Than richest gifts without them,  
|| Yet these a child may bring. ||

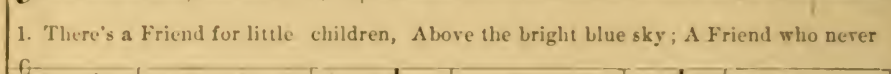
ANON.

## 113

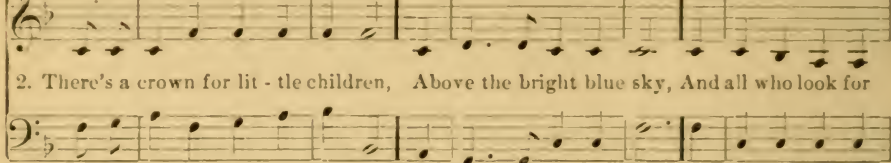

SAMUEL SMITH.



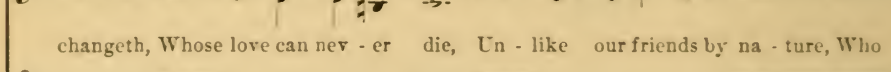
1. There's a Friend for little children, Above the bright blue sky ; A Friend who never



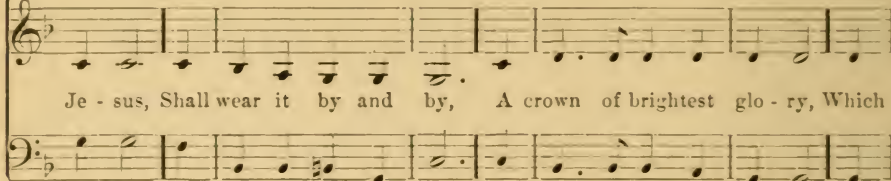
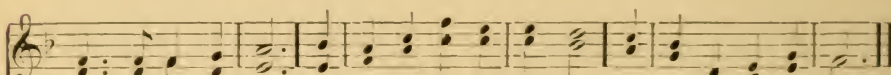
2. There's a crown for lit - tle children, Above the bright blue sky, And all who look for

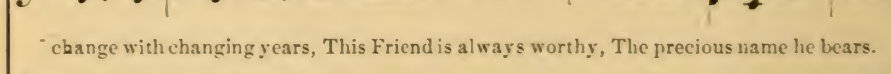
changeth, Whose love can nev - er die, Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who



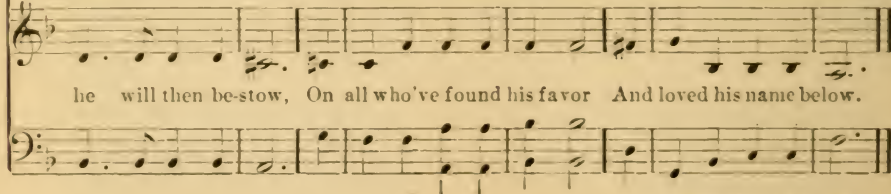
Je - sus, Shall wear it by and by, A crown of brightest glo - ry, Which

change with changing years, This Friend is always worthy, The precious name he bears.

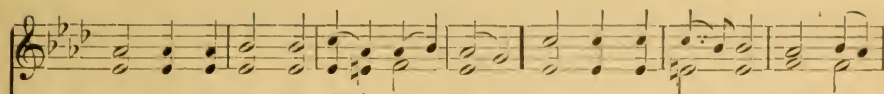


he will then be-stow, On all who've found his favor And loved his name below.

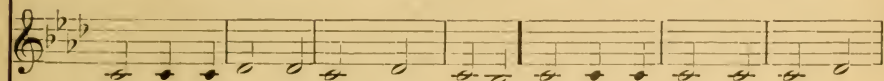


114

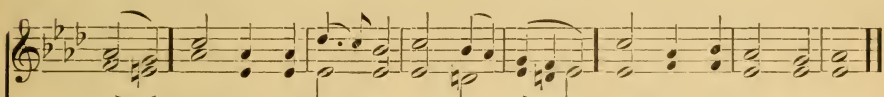
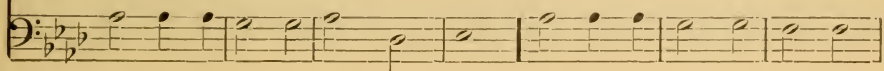
F. F. FLEMMING. 1810.



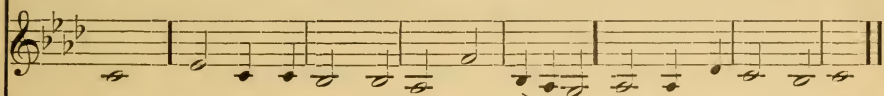
1. O Ho-ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me



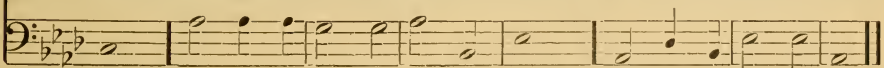
2. What though the world deceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re -



lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee.



move; With patient, un-complain-ing love, Still would I cling to thee.



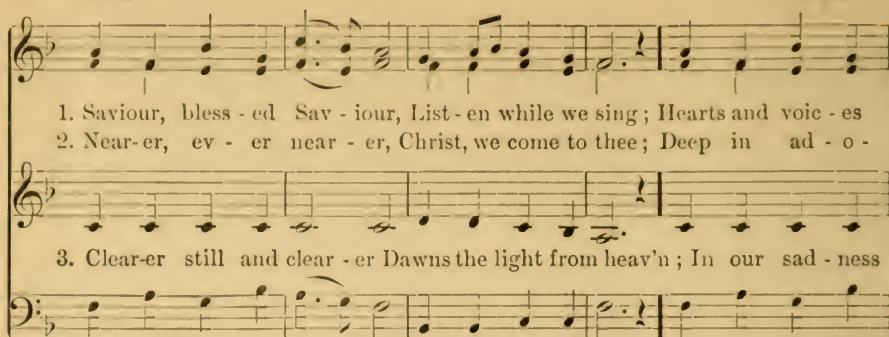
3 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Still whispers, "Cling to me."

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied  
The soul that clings to thee.

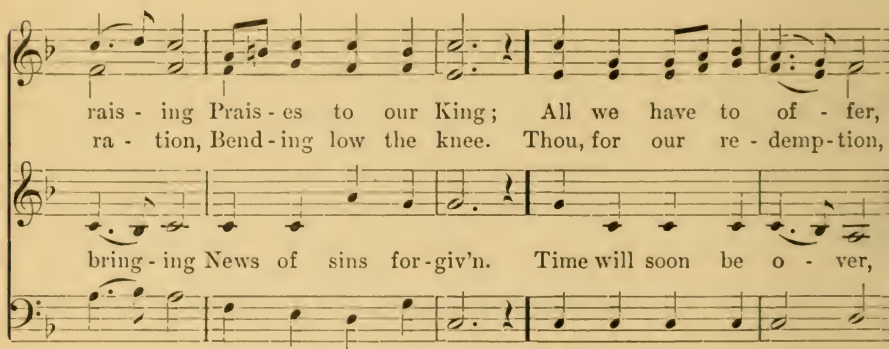
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. 1834.

115

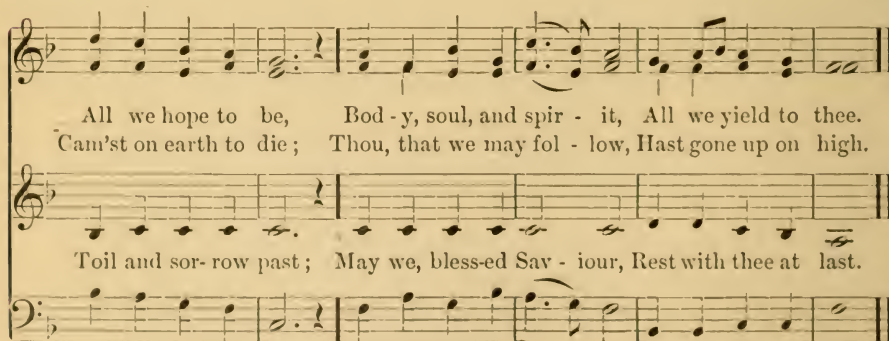
PITTS.



1. Saviour, bless - ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing ; Hearts and voice - es  
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we come to thee ; Deep in ad - o -



3. Clear - er still and clear - er Dawns the light from heav'n ; In our sad - ness  
 rais - ing Prais - es to our King ; All we have to of - fer,  
 ra - tion, Bend - ing low the knee. Thou, for our re - demp - tion,  
 bring - ing News of sins for - giv'n. Time will soon be o - ver,



All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.  
 Can't on earth to die ; Thou, that we may fol - low, Hast gone up on high.  
 Toil and sor - row past ; May we, bless - ed Sav - iour, Rest with thee at last.



116

CHARLES GOUNOD.

1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,  
2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn, If thy light is hid from me;  
3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,

Sun of righteous - ness! a - rise: Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till thy mer-cy's beams I see—  
Fill me, ra - dant Sun di - vine! Scat - ter all my un - be - lief:

Day - spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear!  
Till they in - ward light in-part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.  
More and more thy - self dis - play, Shining to the per - fect day.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1740,

1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who

2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal -

ri - ses With heal - ing in his wings; When com - forts are de - clin - ing,  
va - tion, And find it ev - er new; Set free from pres - ent sor - row,

He grants the soul a - gain A seas - on of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.  
we cheer - ful - ly can say, Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

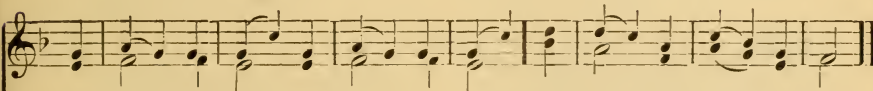
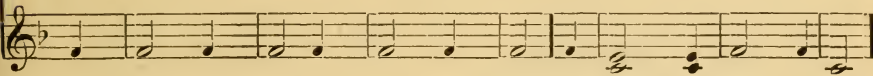
PRAYER. C. M.

118

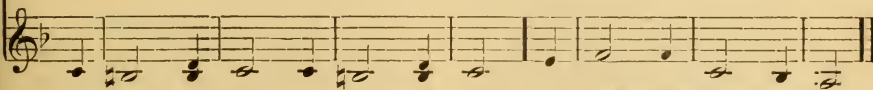
C. G. HERING.



1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al-ways thine;  
2. Let ev' - ry thought and work and word To thee be ev - er given;



That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee de-cline.  
Then life shall be thy ser - vice, Lord, And death the gate of heaven.



MATTHEW BRIDGES. '830.

## 119

E. S. CARTER.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea ;

2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low me."

From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joy and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us ! By thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call,  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1860.

## 120

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 't is thrown away ;  
God himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.



121

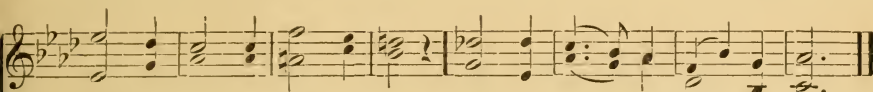
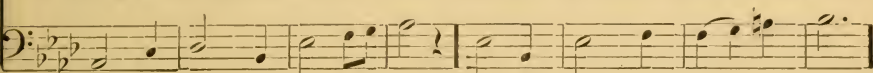
E. A. ANDREWS.



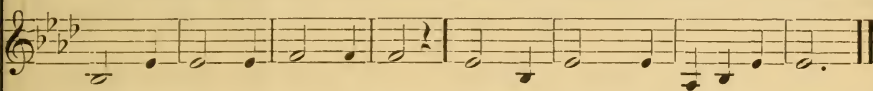
1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come and make my paths your choice;



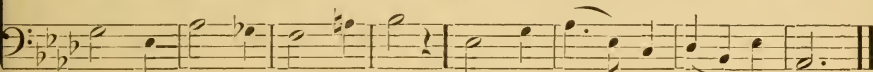
2. Thou, who home-less and for - lorn, Long has borne the proud world's scorn;



I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry wanderer, hith - er come.



Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste, Wea-ry wanderer, hith - er haste.



3 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound!  
Peace, that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. ANNE L. BARBAULD. 1825.

122

1 Thou who didst on Calvary bleed,  
Thou who dost for sinners plead,  
Help me in my time of need,  
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry!

2 In my darkness and my grief,  
With my heart of unbelief,  
I, who am of sinners chief,  
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye!

3 Foes without and fears within,  
With no plea thy grace to win,  
But that thou canst save from sin,  
Jesus, to thy cross I fly!

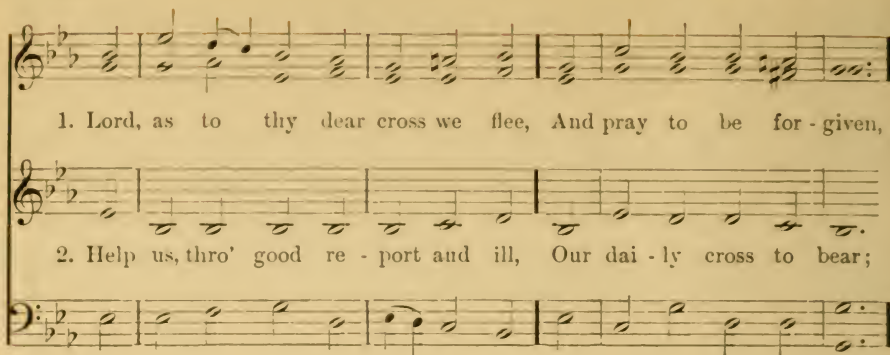
4 There on thee I cast my care,  
There to thee I raise my prayer,  
Jesus, save me from despair,  
Save me, save me, or I die!

5 When the storms of trial lower,  
When I feel temptation's power,  
In the last and darkest hour,  
Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh!

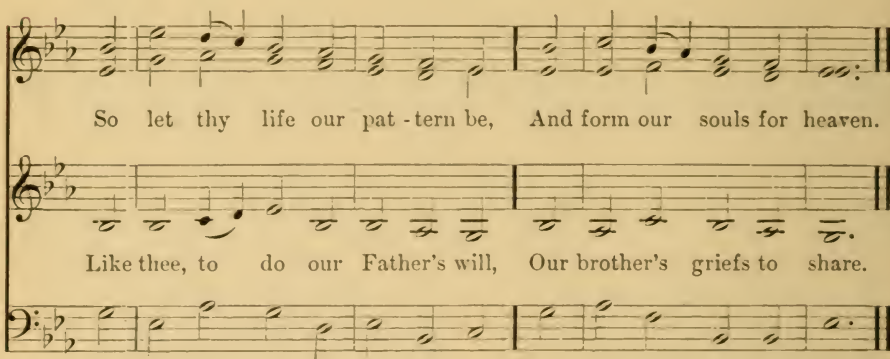
ANON.

## 123

Arr. from HANDEL.



1. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for-given,  
2. Help us, thro' good re-port and ill, Our dai-ly cross to bear;



So let thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven.  
Like thee, to do our Father's will, Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
- Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow thee to heaven.

J. H. GURNEY. 1850.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart,  
A weight of sorrow hung ;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.

## 124

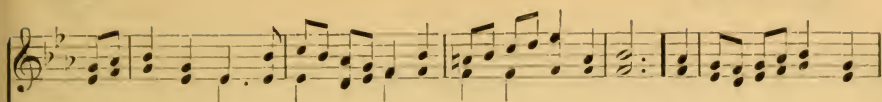
1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around thy steps below ;  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.

3 One with thyself, may every eye  
In us, thy brethren, see  
The gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord, with thee.

E. DENNY. 1840.

125

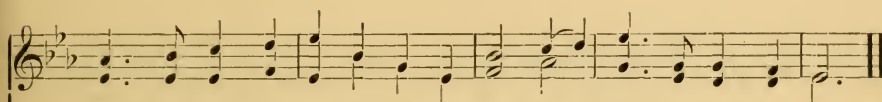
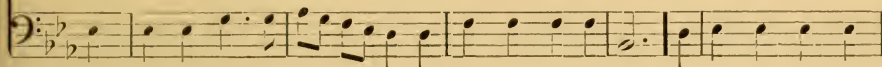
E. P. PARKER.



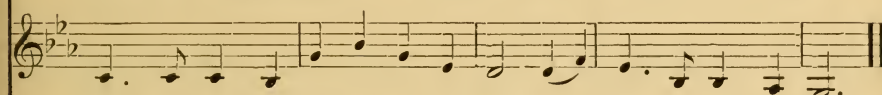
1. The wild flow'r drinks the morning dew, And greets the breezes free; The pure in heart their



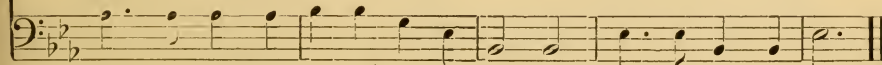
2. The tired bird seeks at night her nest Within the sheltring tree; So longs the wea-ry



st a-ngth re-new From thee, my God, from thee, From thee, my God, from thee.



heart to rest On thee, my God, on thee, On thee, my God, on thee.



- 3 The bark by storms and tempests driven, 4 My morning dew, my evening rest,  
Would to its haven flee; My quiet haven be!  
So turns the spirit sorely riven, Give me to find my strength and rest  
|| To thee, my God, to thee. || || In thee, my God, in thee. ||

ANON.

126

- 1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat  
My soul for shelter flies:  
'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
|| When storms and tempests rise. ||

- 2 Oh, never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat!  
Still let me trust thy power and love,  
|| And dwell beneath thy feet. ||

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 127

J. B. DYKES. 1870.

1. Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, Oh, lead us gent - ly on,

2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod,

Un - til life's tri - al time shall end, And heav'nly rest be won.

But we can trust our all to thee, Our Fa - ther and our God.

- 3 And if some darker lot be good,  
O, teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
That makes the spirit pure.

W. J. IRONS. 1853.

## 128

- 1 My God, my Father, blissful name!  
Oh, may I call thee mine?  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine?

- 2 What'er thy providence denies  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art good, and just and wise:  
Oh, bend my will to thine!

- 3 What'er thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh, give me strength to bear!  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.



129

F. G. BAKER. 1875.

1. O Lord, I would de-light in thee, And on thy care depend,

2. When all cre-a-ted streams are dried, Thy full-ness is the same;

To thee in ev'-ry trou-ble flee, My best, my on-ly Friend.

May I with this be sat-is-fied, And glo-ry in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee;  
I must have all things and abound,  
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
I triumph and adore;  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

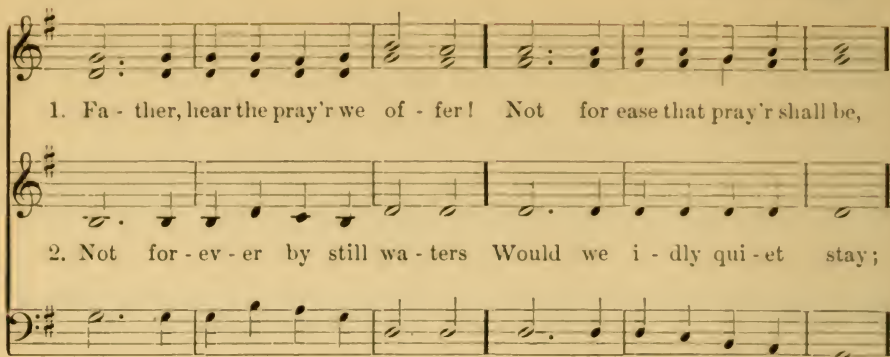
JOHN RYLAND. 1777.

130

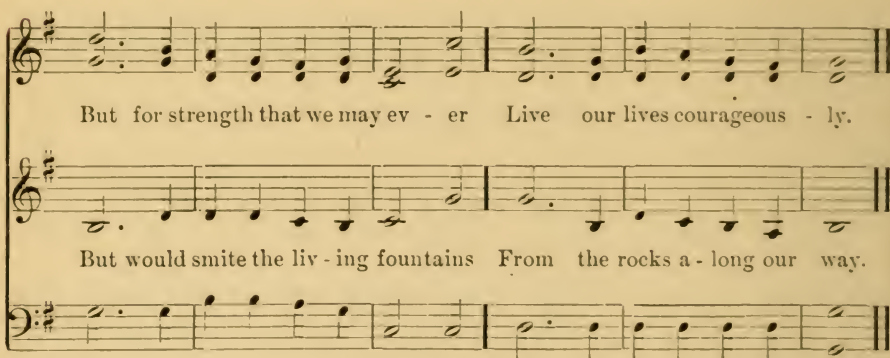
1 O GRACIOUS God! in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.



1. Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer! Not for ease that pray'r shall be,  
2. Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly qui - et stay;



But for strength that we may ev - er Live our lives courageous - ly.  
But would smite the liv - ing fountains From the rocks a - long our way.

- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness, 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,  
- In our wanderings be our guide; Fond of peace, and far from strife;  
Through endeavor, failure, danger, Turning from the paths unholy  
Father, be thou near our side. Of this vain and sinful life.

ANON.

## 132

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it!  
Make and keep it all thine own;  
Let thy Spirit melt and break it —  
This proud heart of sin and stone.  
3 Ever let thy grace surround it;  
Strengthen it with power divine,  
Till thy cords of love have bound it;  
Make it to be wholly thine.

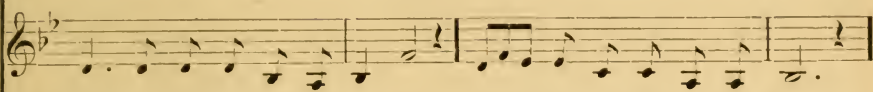
ANON.

133

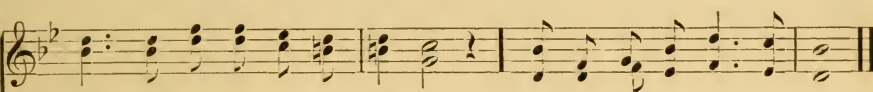
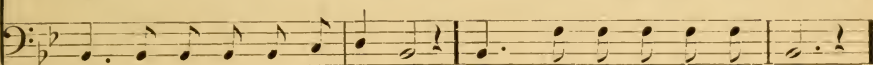
Arr. from E. LASSEN.



1. Saviour, source of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;



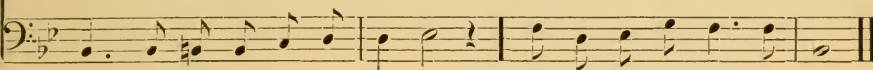
2. Teach me some me-lodious measure, Sung by raptur'd saints a-bove;



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.



Fill my soul with sa-cred pleasure, While I sing redeem-ing love.



3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe, through life thus far, I'm come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

ROBERT ROBINSON. 1775.

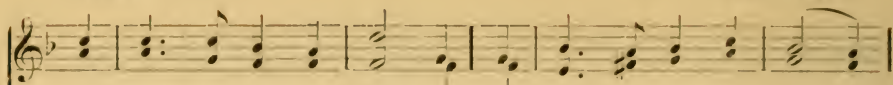
134

1 LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,  
Hear us from thy bright abode,  
While our hearts, with true devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God.

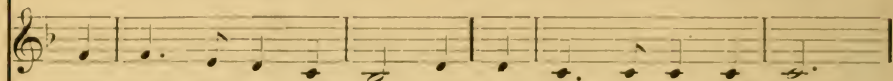
2 Health and every needful blessing  
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;  
Comforts undeserved possessing,  
Here we bend before thy throne.

## 135

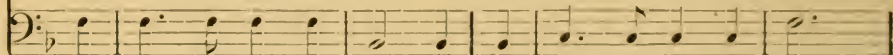
HENRY SMART.



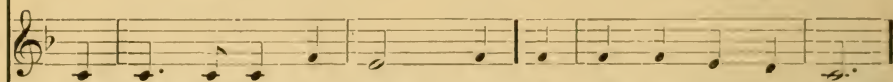
1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;



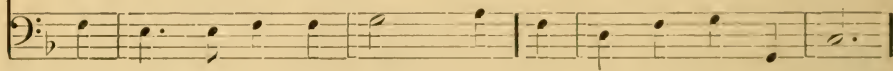
2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For no - thing changes here:



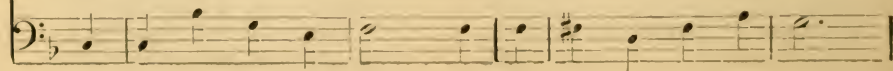
My Shep - herd is be - side me And no - thing can I lack;



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,



His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;





But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been:

My hope I cannot measure;  
My path to life is free;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850.

# 136

1 God is my strong salvation;  
What foe have I to fear?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My Light, my Help is near.  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm in the fight I stand;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul, with courage wait;  
His truth be thine affiance  
When faint and desolate.  
His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

## 137

LORD MORNINGTON. 1765.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied;

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows,

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

## 138

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,  
Tho' I should walk through death's dark  
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my future days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see their God:  
The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

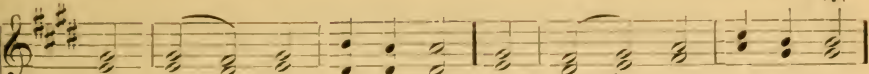
2 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still himself impart,  
And for his dwelling, and his throne,  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek:  
May ours this blessing be:  
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for thee!

JOHN KEBLE. 1827.

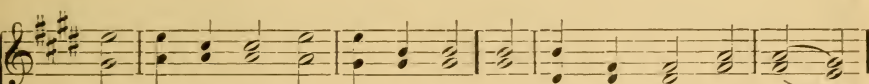
139

Arr. by L. MASON.

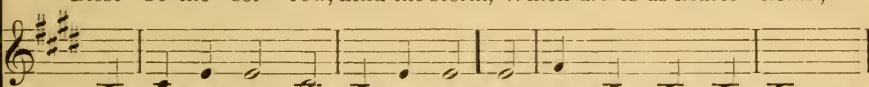


1. If through un - ruf - fled seas Toward heaven we calm-ly sail,  
 2. But should the sur- ges rise, And rest de - lay to come,

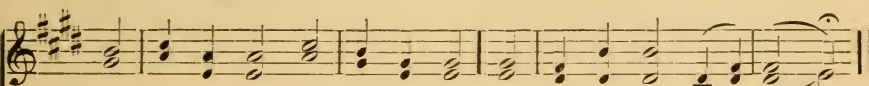
3. Teach us, in ev' - ry state, To make thy will our own ;



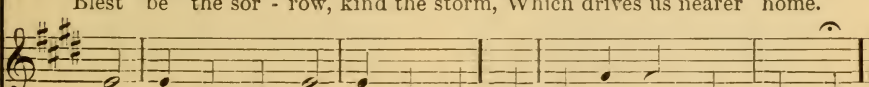
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'- ring gale;  
 Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home;



And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone;



With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'- ring gale.  
 Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.



And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

## 140

CÆSAR H. A. MALAN. 1830.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the streams that,

tend'rest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare, 'Mid the springing grass pre-pare.

still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied—  
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

JAMES MERRICK. 1765.

## 141

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,  
- Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,  
At thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in thy grace;  
Learning how to love from thee,  
Loving him who first loved me.

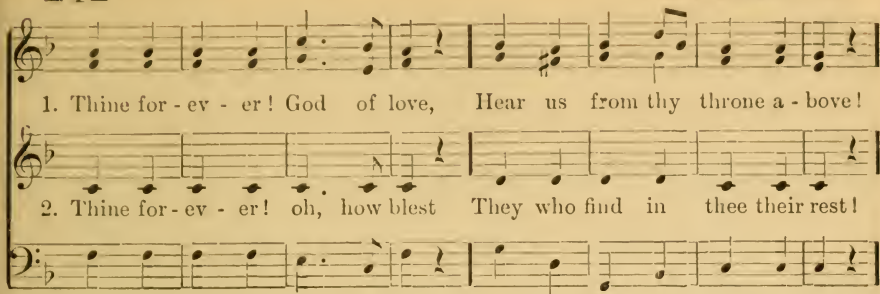
4 Love in loving finds employ—  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving him who first loved me.

ANON.



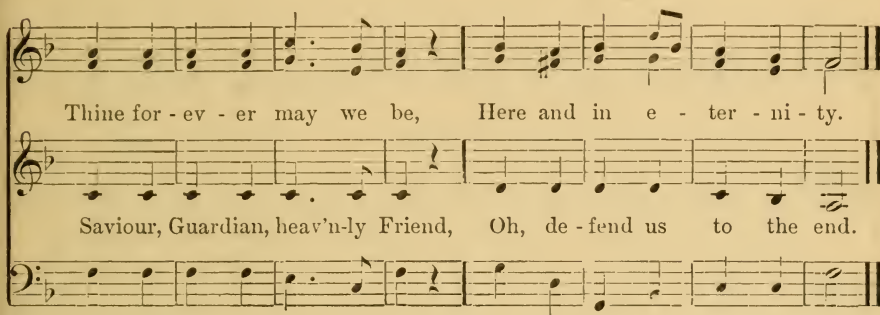
## 142

W. A. MOZART. 1770.



1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a - bove!

2. Thine for - ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in thee their rest!



Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

Saviour, Guardian, heav'n-ly Friend, Oh, de - fend us to the end.

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! Thou our guide:  
All our wants by thee supplied —  
All our sins by thee forgiven —  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

Mrs. MARY F. MAUDE. 1818.

## 143

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,  
Be thy glorious name adored!  
Lord, thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
Till we come to dwell with thee,  
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,  
We will wake a nobler strain;  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
Our triumphant voices raise.

ANON.

## 144

T. R. MATTHEWS

1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove ;

2. The light of truth to us display, And make us know and choose thy way ;

Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry tho't and step preside.

Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him forever blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,—  
Fullness of joy forever there.

S. BROWNE. 1720.

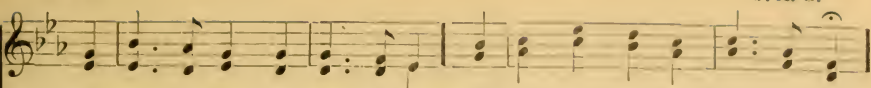
## 145

- 1 LORD of all being ; throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Lord of all life, below, above, [love,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

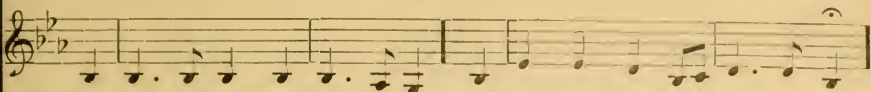
O. W. HOLMES. 1848.

## 146

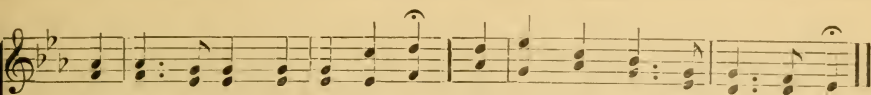
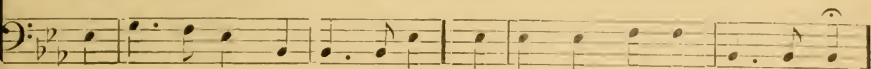
J. A. G.



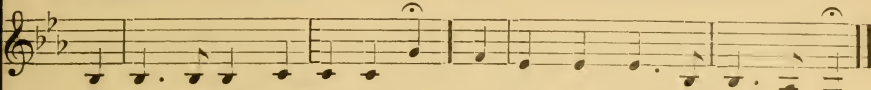
1. "He lead - eth me!" O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!



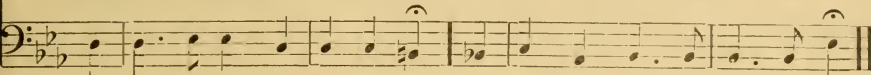
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,



Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.



By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,— Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.



- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
Nor ever murmur, nor repine,— When, by thy grace, the victory's won,  
Content, whatever lot I see, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JOSEPH N. GILMORE. 1859.

## 147

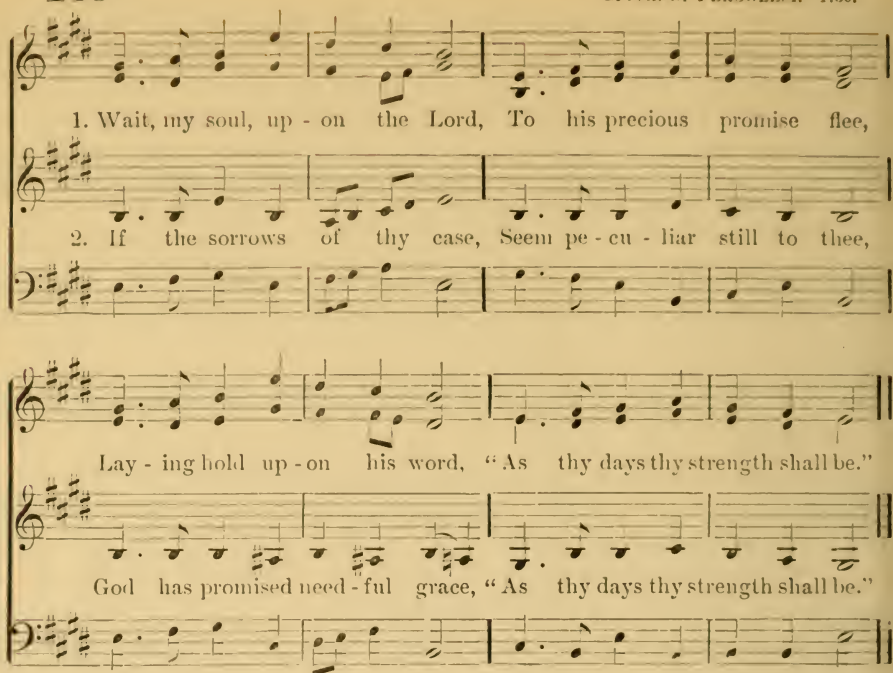
- 1 THY will be done! I will not fear 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,  
The fate provided by thy love; Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, And bid my soul on angel wings,  
I know that all is bright above. Ascend into a purer clime.

- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on, 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with No sorrows dim celestial love;  
tears; But these afflictions of the dust,  
The hopes of earth indeed are gone, Like shadows of the night, remove.  
But are not ours the immortal years?

J. ROSCOE.

## 148

GIOVANNI PERGOLESI. 1730.



1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To his precious promise flee,

2. If the sorrows of thy case, Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee,

Lay - ing hold up - on his word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

God has promised need - ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou mayst see;  
This is still thy sweet relief,  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With thy promise full and free;  
Faithful, positive, and sure —  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD. 1835.

## 149

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief:—

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love:  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
In thy hands my life I trust;  
Have I somewhat dearer still?—  
I resign it to thy will.

\* This tune is also ascribed to King Thibaut of Navarre.

JOHN RYLAND. 1810.



150

C. M. VON WEBER. 1820.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on his word;

2. He sus - tains thee by his hand, He en - a - bles thee to stand,

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His un - changing faith - ful - ness.

Those, whom Je - sus once hath loved, From his grace are nev - er moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay;  
He hath promised to fulfill  
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,  
Be thyself our constant rock;  
Make us by thy powerful hand,  
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

ANON.

151

1 God of mercy! God of love!  
Hear our sad, repentant song;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.

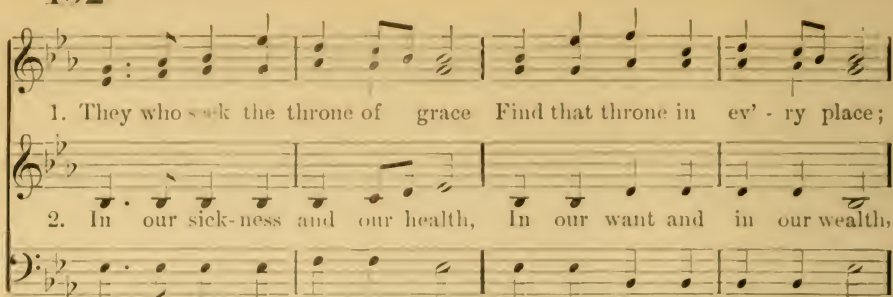
3 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame, we own;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent;

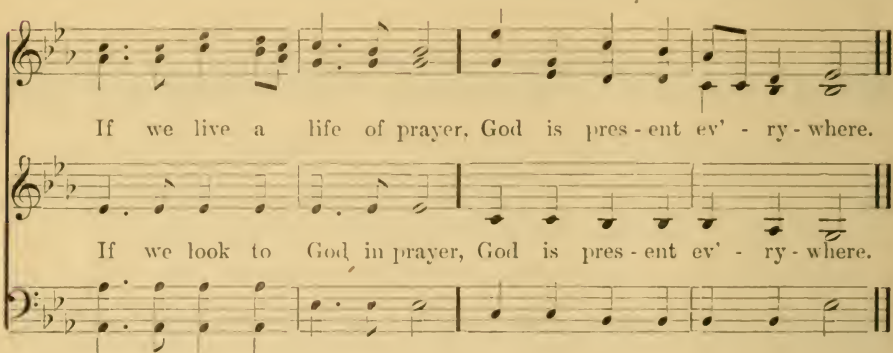
4 God of mercy! God of grace!  
Hear our sad, repentant songs;  
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

Miss JANE TAYLOR. 1815.

## 152



1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev' - ry place;  
2. In our sick-ness and our health, In our want and in our wealth,



If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev' - ry - where.  
If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev' - ry - where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;  
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer:  
God is present everywhere.

ANON.

## 153

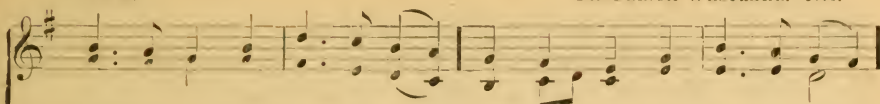
1 Stealing from the world away,  
We are come to seek thy face;  
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,  
Grant us thy reviving grace.  
2 Yonder stars that gild the sky  
Shine but with a borrowed light;  
We, unless thy light be nigh,  
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel  
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;  
May thy light within us dwell,  
Till eternal day appears.  
4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,  
Lift our every thought above;  
Hear the grateful songs we raise,  
Fill us with thy perfect love.

RAY PALMER

## 154

FREDERICK WESTLAKE. 1870.



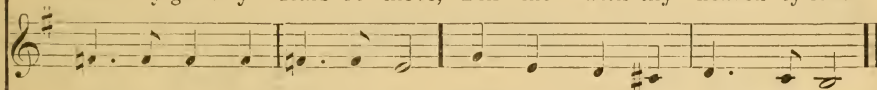
1. Gracious Spir - it! Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine;



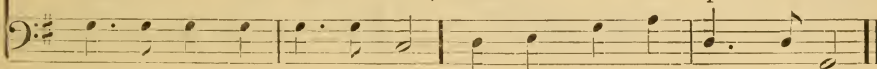
2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the burdened sin - ner free;



All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heaven - ly love.



Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his pre - cious blood.



3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

JOHN STOCKER. 1776.

## 155

1 Holy Spirit! Lord of light!  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Come, thou Light of all that live!  
Thy pure beaming radiance give!

2 Come, thou Father of the poor!  
Come with treasures which endure;  
Thou, of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast.

3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe;  
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Light immortal! light divine!  
Visit thou these hearts of thine;  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay.

ANON.

## 156

E. P. PARKER.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!

2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye, His saints se - cure - ly dwell:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

## 157

1 Along my earthly way,  
How many clouds are spread!  
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,  
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;  
Oh, hide not from my view!  
But when I look, in prayer, above,  
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid!  
Thou knowest all my need;  
And I would do as Israel did,—  
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet  
Shall never, never stray;  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

JAMES EDMESTON. 1820.



158

B. JEPSON.

1. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name,  
 2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - ter'd with ev' - ry breath;  
 Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel, He knows our fee - ble frame,  
 His an - - ger like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,  
 Or like the morning flower;  
 When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
 It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To endless years endure;  
 And children's children ever find  
 Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

159

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
 His grace to thee proclaim;  
 And all that is within me join  
 To bless his holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!  
 His mercies bear in mind;  
 Forget not all his benefits:  
 The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,  
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
 He healeth thy infirmities,  
 And ransoms thee from death.

4 Then bless his holy name,  
 Whose grace hath made thee whole;  
 Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:  
 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

1. My spir - it on thy care, Blest Saviour, I re - cline; Thou wilt not leave me

2. In thee I put my trust; On thee I calm - ly rest: I know thee good, I

to despair, For thou art love di - vine, For thou art love di - vine.

know thee just, And count thy choice the best, And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
|| Nor fear the coming storm. ||

4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me —  
Secure of having thee in all,  
|| Of having all in thee. ||

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1834.

## 161

1 Sweet is thy mercy, Lord:  
Before thy mercy-seat  
My soul adoring pleads thy word,  
|| And owns thy mercy sweet. ||

2 Where'er thy name is blest,  
Where'er thy people meet,  
There I delight in thee to rest,  
|| And find thy mercy sweet. ||

3 Light thou our weary way,  
Lead thou our wandering feet,  
That while we stay on earth we may  
|| Still find thy mercy sweet. ||

4 Thus shall the heavenly host  
There all my songs repeat,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
|| Thy joy, thy mercy sweet. ||

J. S. B. MONSELL. 1862.

162

C. W. POOLE.

1. O cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;

2. The world can nev-er give The bliss for which we sigh;

All this wide world, to eith-er pole, Hath not for thee a home.

'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3 Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!  
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,  
There sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG. 1826.

163

1 Help me, my God, to speak  
True words to thee each day,  
True let my voice be when I praise,  
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,  
Let mine to thee be true;  
The speech of my whole heart and soul,  
However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,  
Of longing to be free,  
Of praying for deliverance,  
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,  
Of godly joy and grief,  
Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry,  
Help thou my unbelief.

H. BONAR. 1865.

1. Fa - ther ! whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies,

2. "Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev' - ry mur - mur free !

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise :—

The blessings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.

- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine Thy presence through my journey shine,  
My life and death attend; And crown my journey's end."

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

## 165

- 1 Our Father, hear our longing prayer, 3 Give us humility, that so  
And help this prayer to flow, Thy reign may come within,  
That humble thoughts, which are thy care, And when thy children homeward go,  
May live in us and grow. We too may enter in.
- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand 4 Hear us, our Saviour, ours thou art,  
The peace, the calm delight Though we are not like thee;  
Of dwelling in thy heavenly land, Give us thy Spirit in our heart,  
A pleasure in thy sight. Large, lowly, trusting, free.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



166

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the boundless sea,

2. We ask not, Fa-ther, for re-pose Which comes from out-ward rest,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road Of those who trust in thee.  
If we may have thro' all life's woes Thy peace with-in our breast.

- 3 That peace which flows serene and deep - 4 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,  
A river in the soul, Whate'er the outward be,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep; Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
God's sunshine o'er the whole! And we go home to thee.

ANON.

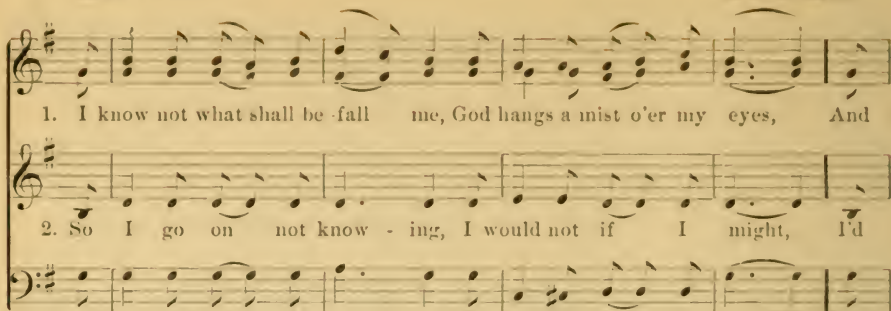
167

- 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light,  
To bring in prayer to thee,  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road,  
Wilt share each small distress;
- The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets thine ear divine;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

J. CREWDSON.

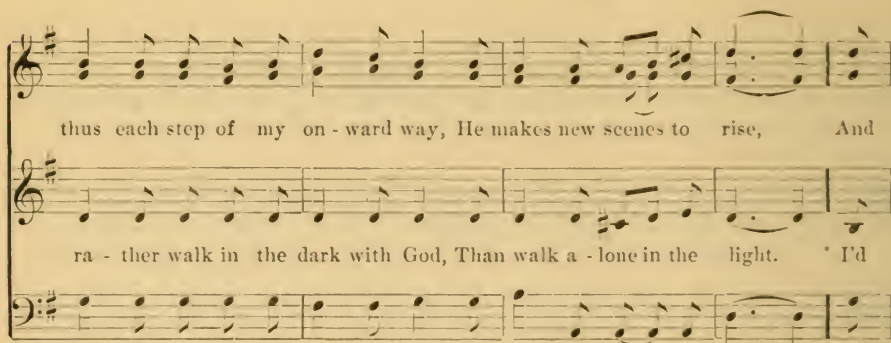
168

S. S. HYMNAL.



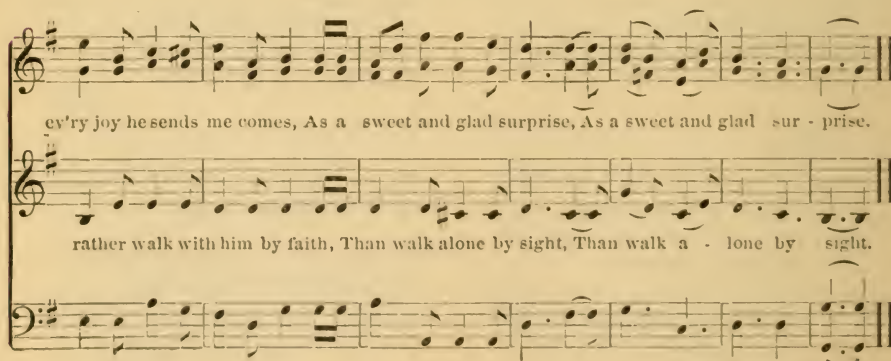
1. I know not what shall be - fall      me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,      And

2. So I go on not know - ing, I would not if I might, I'd



thus each step of my on - ward way, He makes new scenes to rise,      And

ra - ther walk in the dark with God, Than walk a - lone in the light.      I'd



ev'ry joy he sends me comes, As a sweet and glad surprise, As a sweet and glad sur - prise.

rather walk with him by faith, Than walk alone by sight, Than walk a - lone by sight.

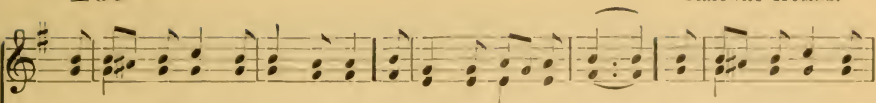
Miss BRAINARD.

# ONE STEP MORE.

109

169

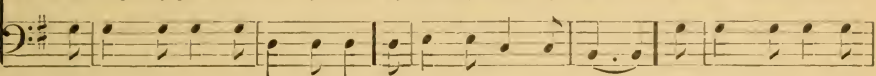
ORATORY HYMNS.



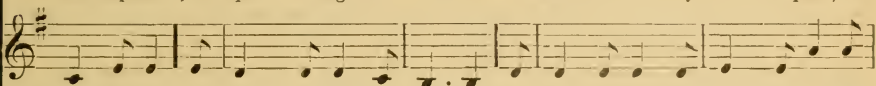
1. What though before me it is dark, Too dark for me to see? I ask but light for



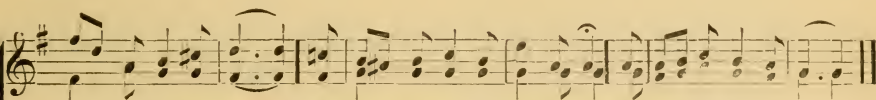
2. Per-haps my path is ve-ry short, My journey near-ly done; And I might tremble



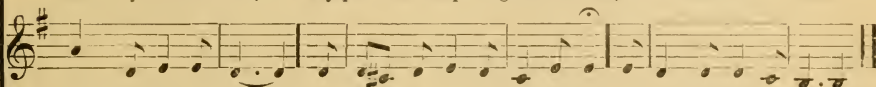
one step more; 'Tis quite enough for me. I would not see my fur-ther path, 'Tis



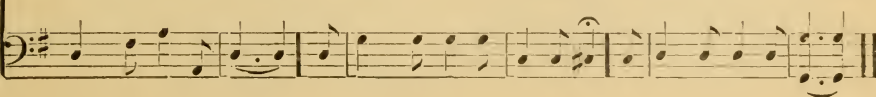
at the thought, Of end-ing it so soon. And so I do not wish to see My



mer-cy veils it so; My pres-ent steps might harder be, Did I the future know.




jour-ney thro' its length; Assured that thro' my Father's love, Each step will find its strength.




170

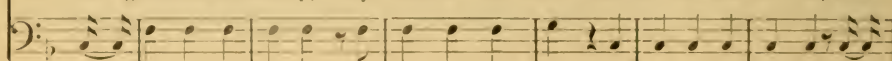
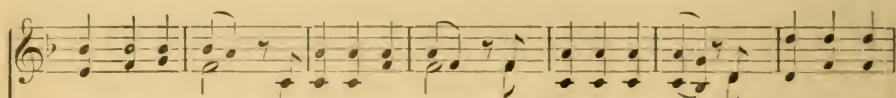
Arr. from KOSCHAT.



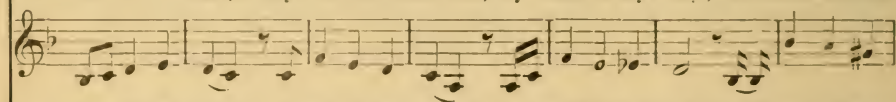
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-  
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no



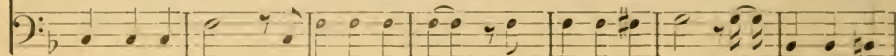
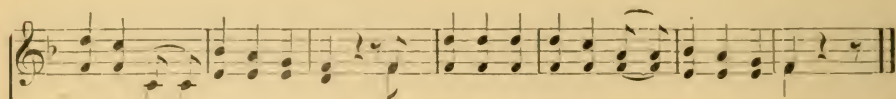
3. Let goodness and mercy, my bounti-ful God! Still fol-low me ev-er, till I

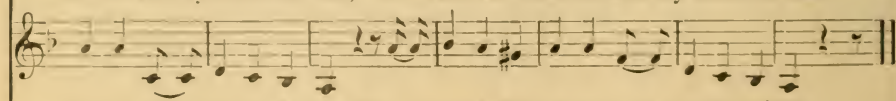
fold-ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where still wa-ters flow, Restores me when  
 e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm shall be-



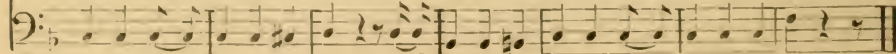
meet thee a-bove; I seek by the pathway my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, redeems when opprest, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when opprest.  
 fall me with my comforter near, No harm can befall me with my comforter near.



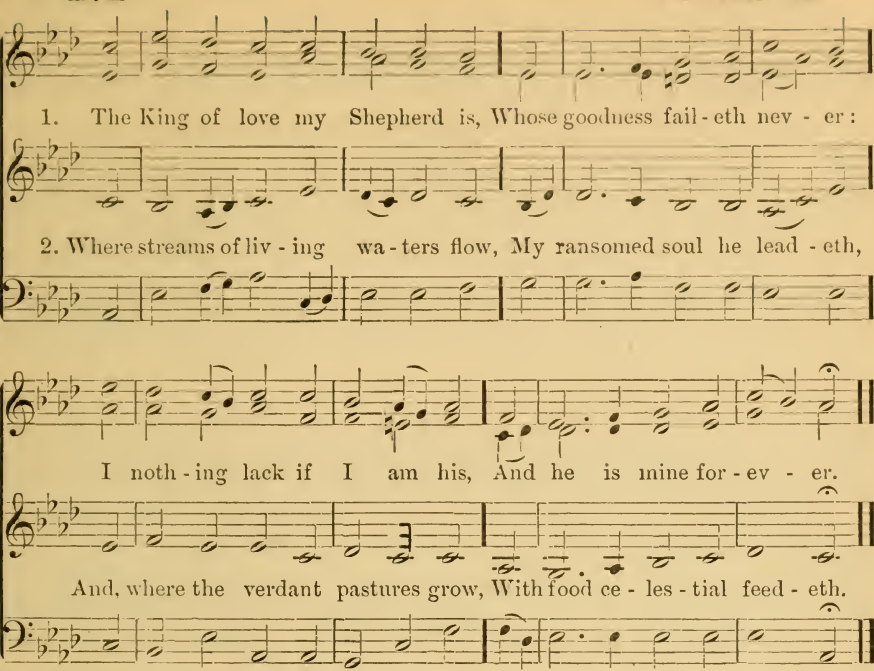
sojourn, thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.





171

J. B. DYKES. 1868.



1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev-er:

2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ters flow, My ransomed soul he lead-eth,

I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for-ev-er.

And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.

172

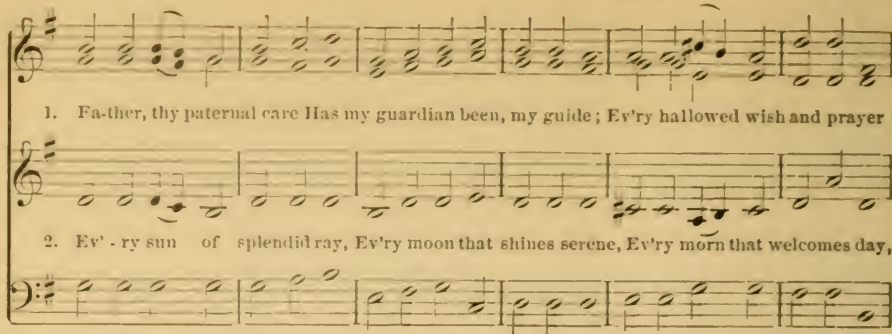
- 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
But yet in love he sought me;  
And on his shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all my length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house forever.
- 1 Who trusts in God, a strong abode  
In heaven and earth possesses;  
Who looks in love to Christ above,  
No fear his heart oppresses.
- 2 In thee alone, dear Lord, we own  
Sweet hope and consolation;  
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes  
Our great and sure salvation.
- 3 In all the strife of mortal life  
Our feet shall stand securely;  
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,  
For thou shalt guard us surely.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.

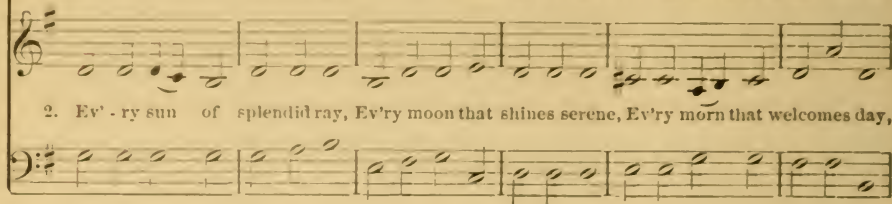
FROM THE GERMAN.

## 173

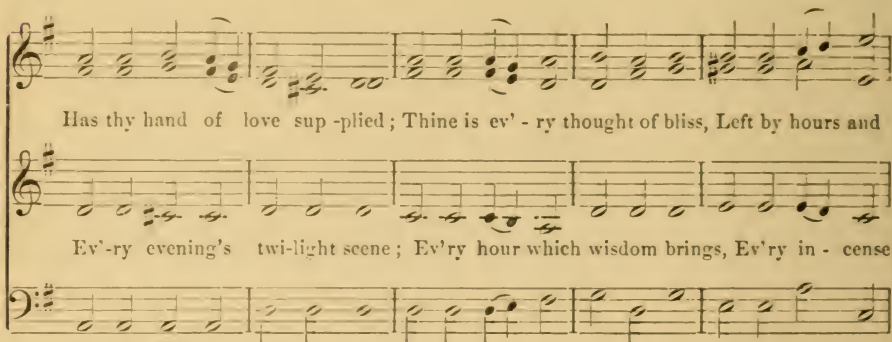
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. 1872.



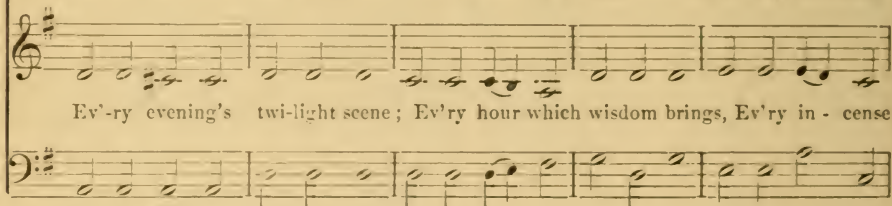
1. Fa-ther, thy paternal care Has my guardian been, my guide; Ev'ry hallowed wish and prayer



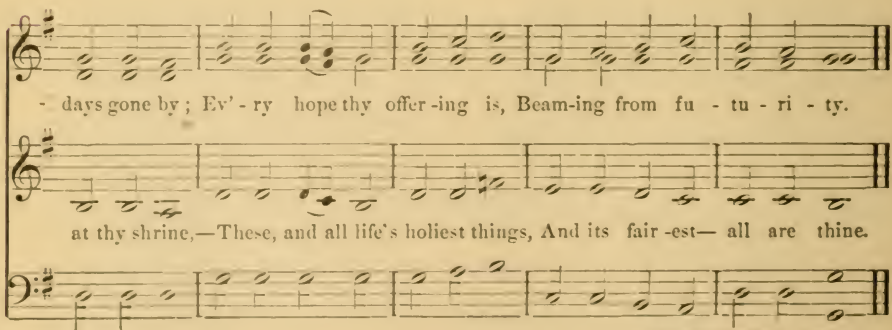
2. Ev'-ry sun of splendid ray, Ev'ry moon that shines serene, Ev'ry morn that welcomes day,



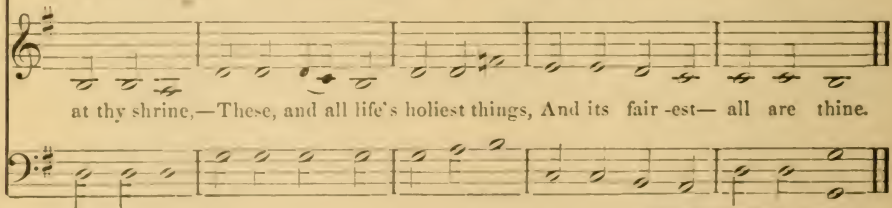
Has thy hand of love sup-plied; Thine is ev'-ry thought of bliss, Left by hours and



Ev'-ry evening's twi-light scene; Ev'ry hour which wisdom brings, Ev'ry in-cense



- days gone by; Ev'-ry hope thy offer-ing is, Beam-ing from fu-tu-ri-ty.

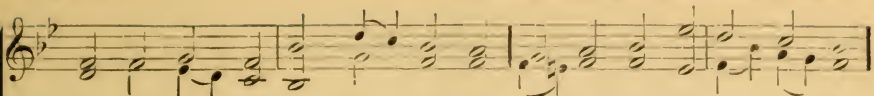


at thy shrine,—These, and all life's holiest things, And its fair-est— all are thine.

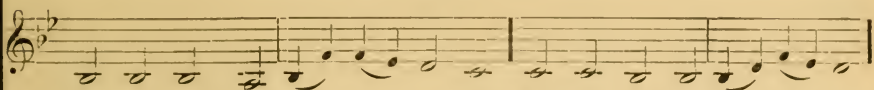
JOHN BOWRING. 1860.

174

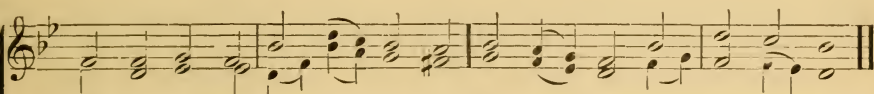
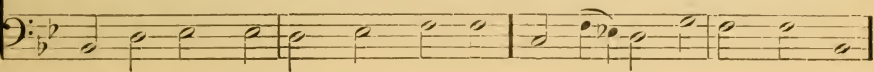
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. 1840.



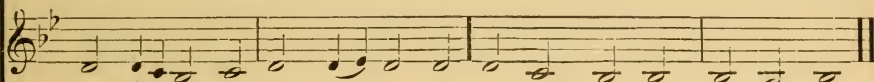
1. Gently, Lord, O gent - ly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears:



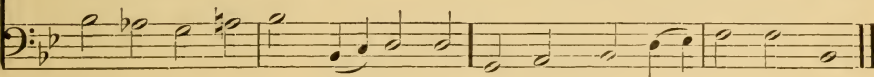
2. When tempta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,



Through the changes thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change appears.



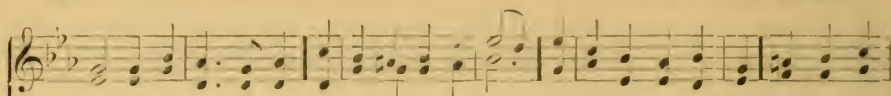
Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.



3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish —  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on thy bosom rest,  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

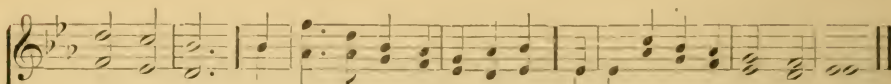
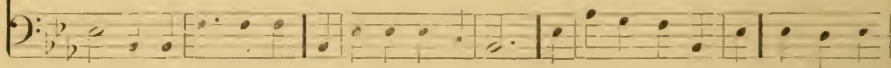
THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.



1. Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid : The God who built the skies, And heav'n and



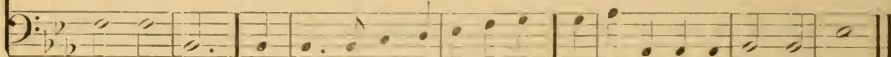
2. My feet shall nev- er slide, Nor fall in fatal snares, Since God, my Guard and Guide, Defends me



na - ture made : God is the tow'r To which I fly ; His grace is nigh In e'v - ry hour.



from my fears ; Those wakeful eyes That never sleep Shall Israel keep, When dangers rise.



3 No burning heats by day,

Nor blasts of evening air,

Shall take my health away,

If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun, | To guard my head

And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word

To save my soul from death ?

And I can trust my Lord

To keep my mortal breath :

I'll go and come, | Till from on high

Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.



## 176

HENRY SMART.

1. I ask not now for gold to gild, With mocking shine, an ach-ing frame;

2. But, bowed in low-li-ness of mind, I make my hum-ble wish-es known;

The yearning of the mind is stilled — I ask not now for fame.

I on-ly ask a will re-signed, O Fa-ther, to thine own.

3 And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see;  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee.

J. G. WHITTIER.

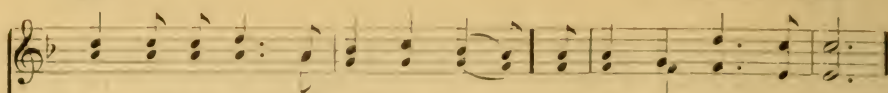
2 Teach us the lesson thou hast taught,  
To feel for those thy love hath bought;  
That every word, and deed, and thought,  
May work a work for thee.

## 177

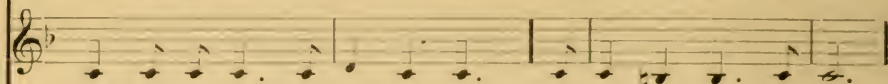
1 O God of mercy, God of might,  
In love and pity infinite,  
Teach us, as ever in thy sight;  
To live our life to thee.

3 And may thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till thou shalt greet in heaven above,  
All those who live to thee.

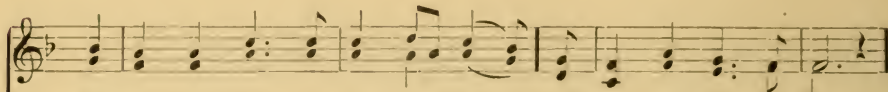
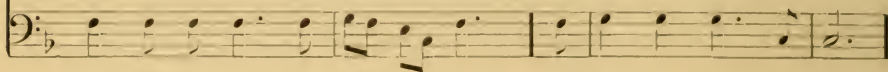
G. THRING. 1880.



1. While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled;  
 2. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see!



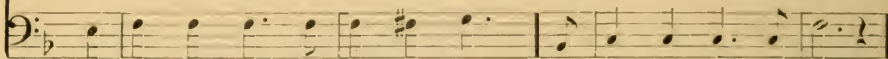
3. When gladness wings my fa-vored hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall fill;



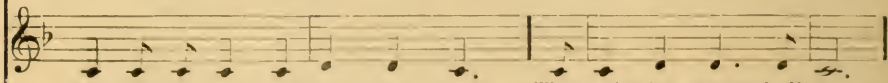
- And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be filled!  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear, Be-cause conferred by thee.



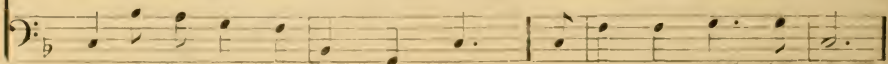
- Resigned, when storms of sor-row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.



- Thy love the power of thought be-stowed; To thee my tho'ts would soar;  
 In ev'-ry joy that crowns my days, In ev'-ry pain I bear,

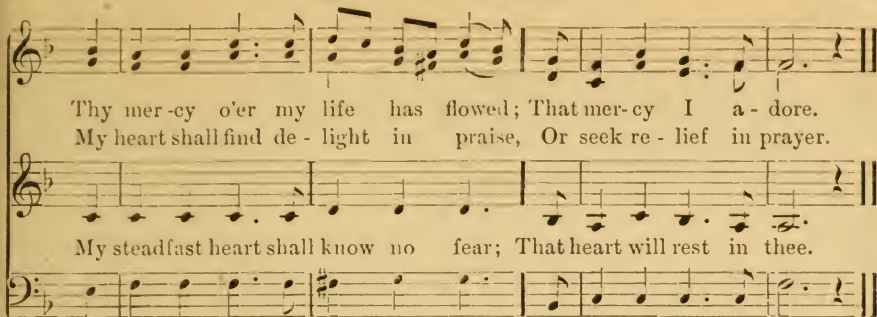


- My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gathering storm shall see;



# Resignation. Concluded.

117



HELEN M. WILLIAMS. 1786.

179

180

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray<br/>Breaks, with its trembling light,<br/>To chase the pearly dew's away,<br/>Bright tear-drops of the night —</p> <p>2 My heart, O Lord! forgets to rove,<br/>But rises gladly free,<br/>On wings of everlasting love,<br/>And finds its home in thee.</p> <p>3 When evening's silent shades descend,<br/>And nature sinks to rest,<br/>Still, to my Father and my Friend,<br/>My wishes are addressed.</p> <p>4 Though tears may dim my hours of joy,<br/>And bid my pleasures flee,<br/>Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;<br/>I will be glad in thee.</p> <p>5 And ev'n when midnight's solemn gloom<br/>Above, around is spread,<br/>Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom<br/>Are hovering o'er my head.</p> <p>6 I dream of that fair land, O Lord!<br/>Where all thy saints shall be;<br/>I wake to lean upon thy word,<br/>And still delight in thee.</p> | <p>1 FATHER of mercies! God of love!<br/>My Father and my God!<br/>I'll sing the honors of thy name,<br/>And spread thy praise abroad.</p> <p>2 In every period of my life<br/>Thy thoughts of love appear;<br/>Thy mercies gild each transient scene,<br/>And crown each passing year.</p> <p>3 In all thy mercies, may my soul<br/>A Father's bounty see;<br/>Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows<br/>Estrange my heart from thee.</p> <p>4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,<br/>To own thy hand, O God!<br/>And in submissive silence learn<br/>The lessons of thy rod.</p> <p>5 Through every period of my life,<br/>Each bright, each crowded scene,<br/>Give me a meek and humble mind,<br/>Still equal and serene.</p> <p>6 Then may I close my eyes in death,<br/>Redeemed from anxious fear;<br/>For death itself, my God, is life,<br/>If thou art with me there.</p> |
|--|---|

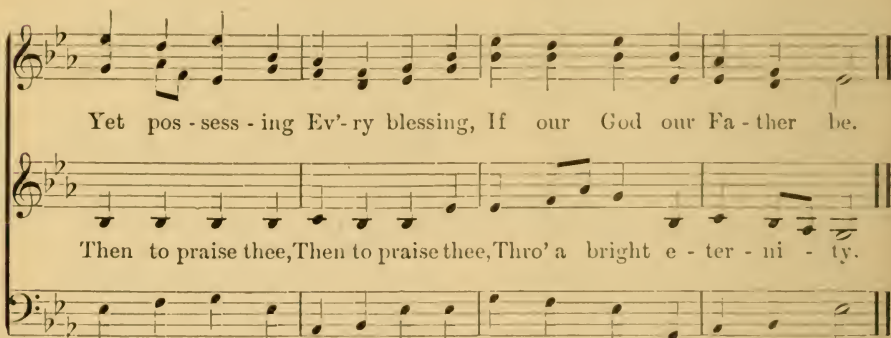
ANON.

O. HEGINBOTHAM. 1760.



1. { Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, lead us, O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;

2. { Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ev-er, Vain our hope if left by thee;  
We are thine; oh, leave us nev-er, Till thy glorious face we see;



Yet pos-sess-ing Ev'-ry blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be.

Then to praise thee, Then to praise thee, Thro' a bright e-ter-ni-ty.

## 182

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need thy tender care:  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;  
For our use thy folds prepare:  
|| Blessed Jesus! ||  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us;  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
|| Blessed Jesus! ||  
Let us early turn to thee.

- 3 Early let us seek thy favor;  
Early let us learn thy will;  
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour.  
With thy love our bosoms fill:  
|| Blessed Jesus! ||  
Thou hast loved us,— love us still!

DOROTHY ANN THURPE. 1838.

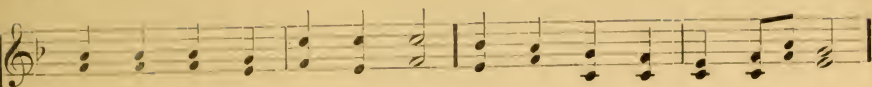


# WATCH AND PRAY.

119

183

S. S. HYMNAL.



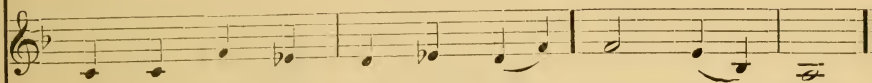
1. "Christian, seek not yet re - pose!" Hear thy guardian an - gel say;



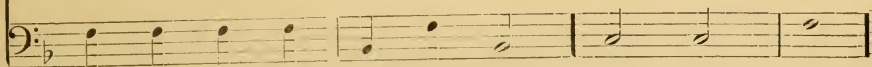
2. Hear the vic - tors who o'er - came, Still they mark each war - rior's way;



Thou art in the midst of foes,— "Watch and pray!"



All with one sweet voice ex - claim,— "Watch and pray!"



3 Hear the warning of thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart his word,—  
"Watch and pray!"

Hidden lies the evil one;  
"Watch and pray!"

4 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day,

5 Watch, as if on that alone,  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down,—  
"Watch and pray!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## LIFT THINE EYES.

184

MENDELSSOHN.

*Andante.**p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

to the mountains whence cometh, whence cometh, whence

com - eth help. Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the

com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the Lord, . . . the Ma -

cometh help. Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the Ma - -

Ma - ker of heav - en and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved, Thy

- - ker of heav - en and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved,

- - ker of heav - en and earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved,

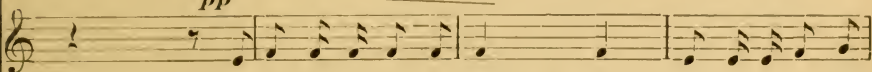
# Lift Thine Eyes. Concluded.

121



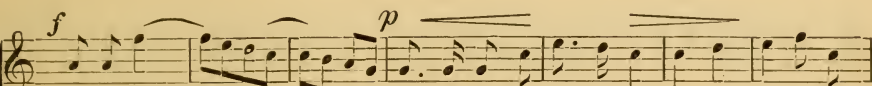
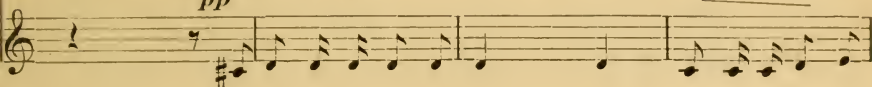
keep-er will nev-er slum - - - ber, nev-er will, nev-er slum - - ber,

*pp*

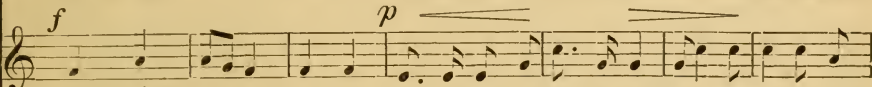


Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - - ber, nev-er will, nev-er

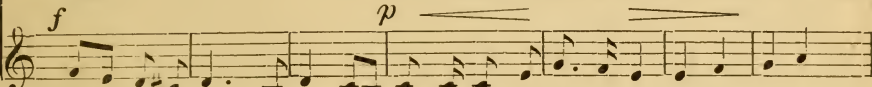
*pp*



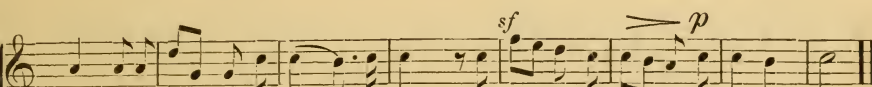
nev-er slum - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence



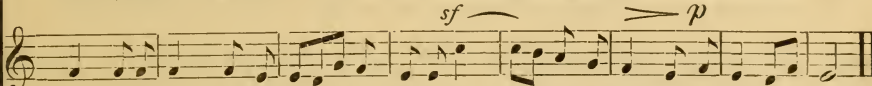
slum - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence



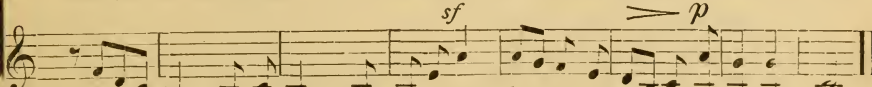
slum - ber, will nev-er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains,



com-eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence cometh help.



com-eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence cometh help.



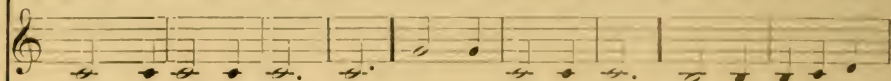
whence com - eth, whence com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence cometh help.

## 185

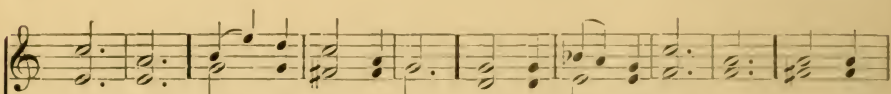
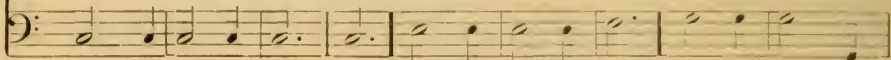
G. A. MACFARREN.



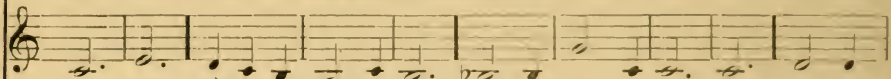
1. On-ward, ev - er on - ward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints be -  
 2. Bright-er still, and bright - er, Glows the west-ern sun. Shedding all its



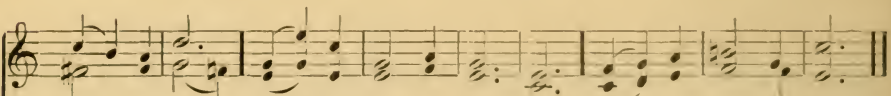
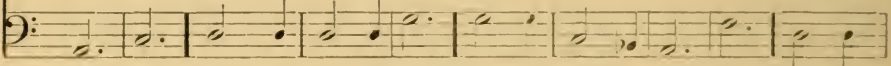
3. High - er then, and high - er, Bear the ransomed soul, Earth-ly toils for -



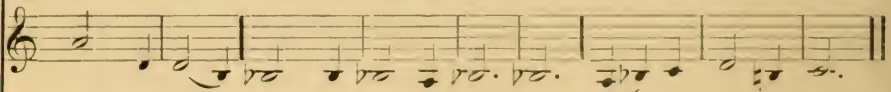
fore us, Trav'ling on to God; Leav-ing all be-hind us, May we  
 glad-ness O'er our work that's done; Time will soon be o - ver, Toil and



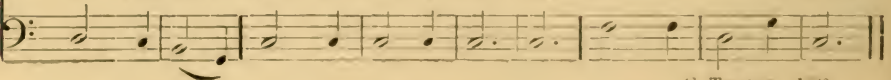
got - ten, Sav - iour, to its goal; Where, in joys unthought of, Saints with



hast - en on, Backward nev - er look - ing Till the prize is won.  
 sor - row past; May we, bless-ed Sav - iour, Find a rest at last.



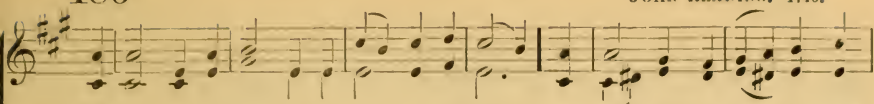
an - gels sing, Nev - er wea - ry, rais - ing Prais - es to their King.



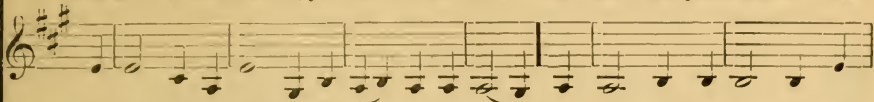


186

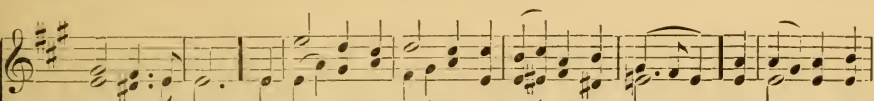
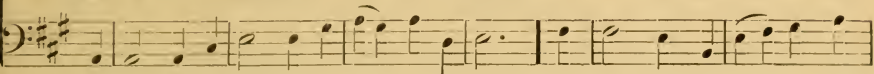
JOHN READING. 1740.



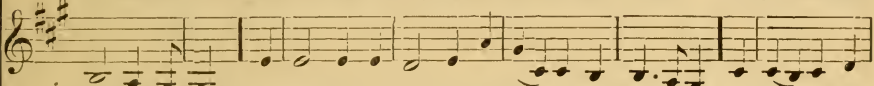
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his



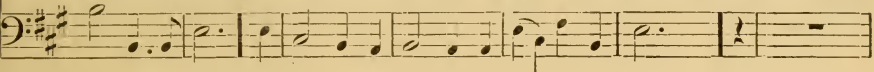
2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will



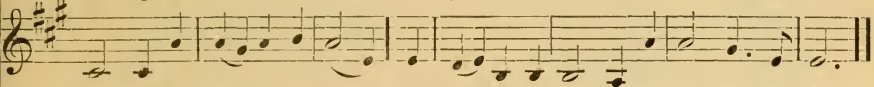
ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, To you who for



still give thee aid, I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?



gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand.



3 "When through the deep waters I call thee 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
to go, I will not—I will not desert to his foes;  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow: That soul—though all hell should endeavor  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, to shake,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH. 1787.

187

A. B. SPRATT.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth

2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a

me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven,  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;

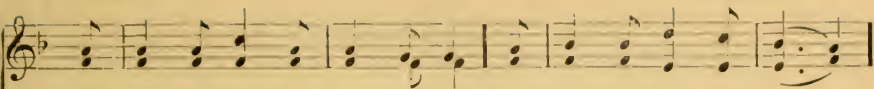
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1841.

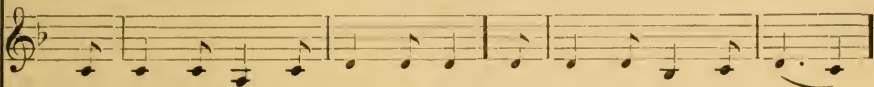
188

ARRANGED.

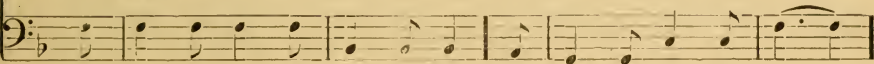


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portion'd out for me;

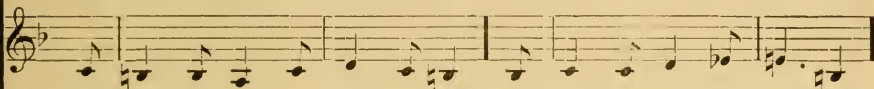
2. I would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,



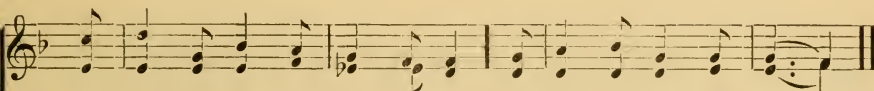
3. I ask thee for the dai - ly strength, To none that ask de - nied;



And changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see;  
That seeks for some great thing to do, Some se - cret thing to know;

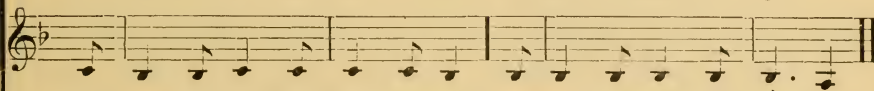


A mind to blend with out - ward life While keep - ing at thy side!

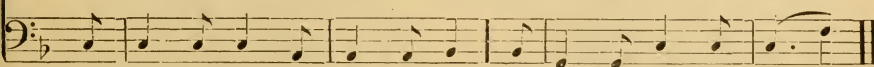


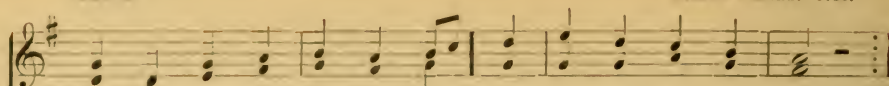
I ask thee for a pres - ent mind In - tent on pleas - ing thee.

I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.

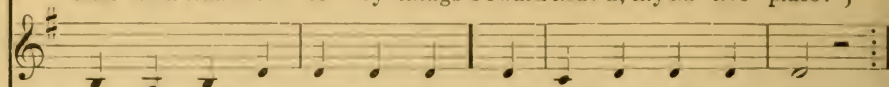


Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If thou be glo - ri - fied.

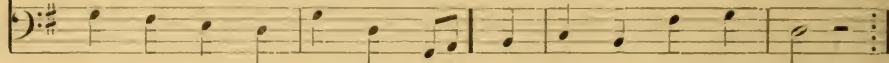
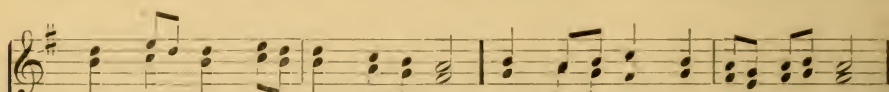




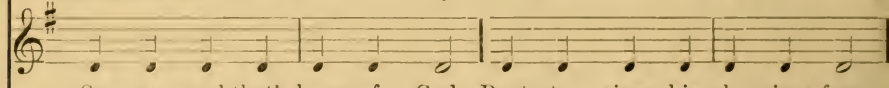
1. Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
Rise from trans - i - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place: }





2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; }  
Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun— Both speed them to their source: }

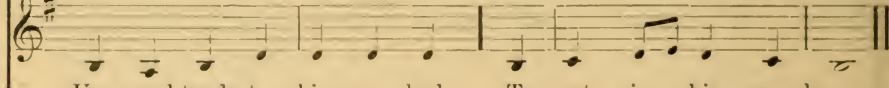
Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;



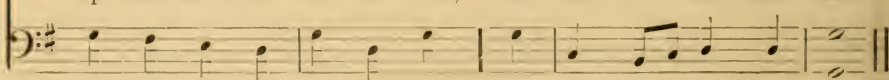
So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove!



Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.



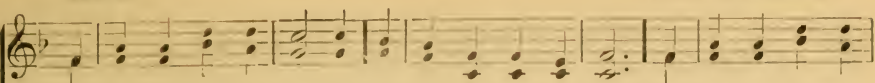
3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn— Yet a season, and you know  
Press onward to the prize; Happy entrance will be given,  
Soon your Saviour will return All your sorrows left below,  
Triumphant to the skies: And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. 1742.

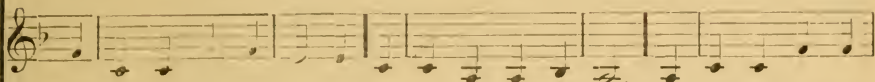


190

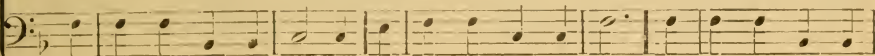
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. From ev'-ry earth-ly pleasure, From ev'ry transient joy, From ev'-ry mor-tal



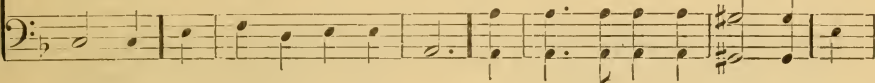
2. What though we are but strangers And sojourners be-low, And countless snares and



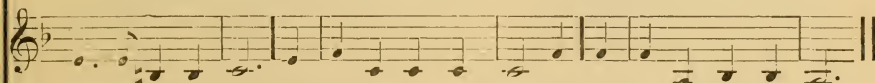
treas-ure That soon will fade and die; No long-er these de-sir-ing, Up-



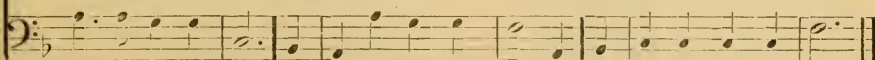
dan-gers Sur-round the path we go? Though pain-ful and dis-tress-ing, Yet



ward our wishes tend, To no-bler bliss as-pir-ing, And joys that nev-er end.



there's a rest a-bove; And onward still we're pressing, To reach the land of love.



DAVIS.

## 191

F. VON FLOTOW.

1. Pil-grims in this vale of sor-row, Pressing on-ward toward the prize.

2. 'Mid these scene of self-de-ni-al We are called the race to run;

Strength and comfort here we bor-row From the hand that rules the skies.

We must meet full many a tri-al Ere the vic-tor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,  
 Hope shall urge us swifter on,  
 Faith shall every prospect brighten,  
 Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the Eternal arm reclining,  
 We at length shall win the day;  
 All the powers of earth combining  
 Shall not snatch our crown away.

THOMAS HASTINGS. 1865.

## 192

1 This is not my place of resting—  
 Mine's a city yet to come:  
 Onward to it I am hasting—  
 On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day:  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse hath past away,

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
 By the streams of life along—  
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
 Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
 Nevermore are sad or weary,  
 Never, never sin again!

HORATIUS BONAR. 1845.

# HAPPY LAND.

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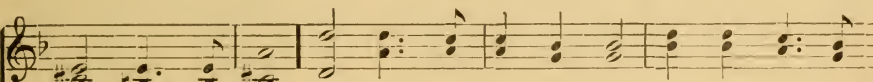
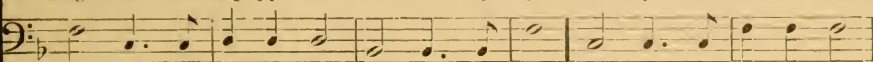
S. S. WESLEY. 1864.



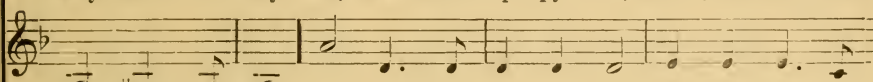
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way! Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand?



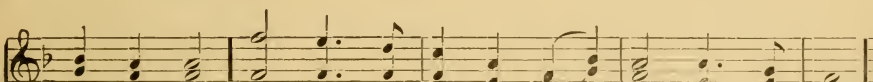
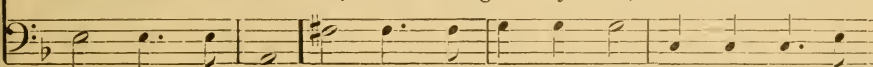
3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev' - ry eye; Fept by a Father's hand,



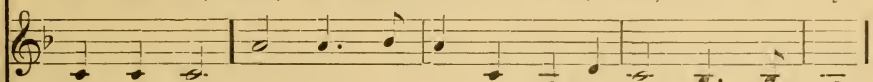
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor - thy is our  
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and



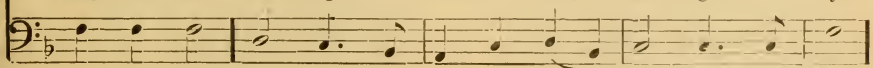
Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and



Sav - iour King, Loud let his prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye!



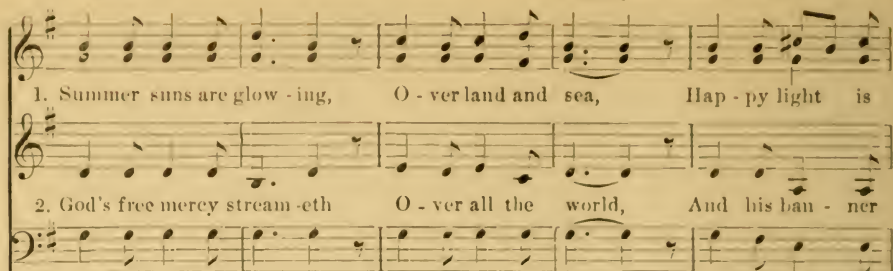
king - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, We reign for aye.



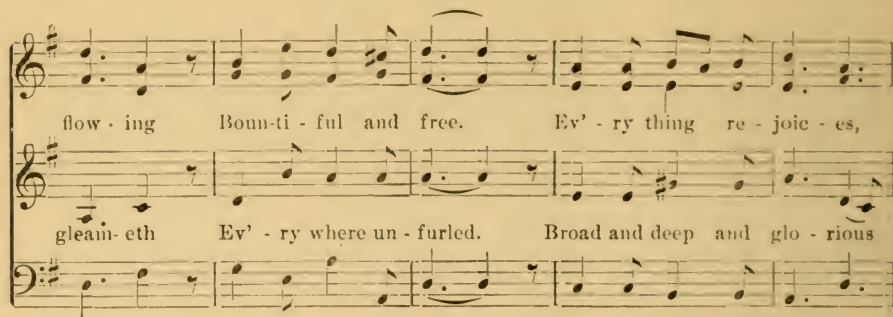
ANDREW YOUNG. 1838.

## 194

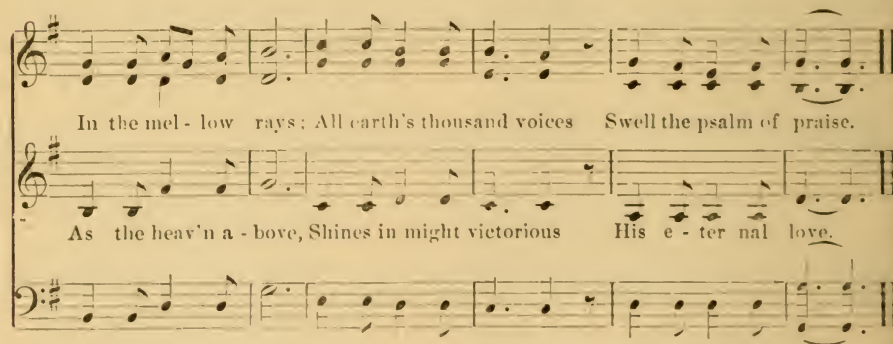
Arr. from ALBERTO RANDEGGER.



1. Summer suns are glow-ing, O-ver land and sea, Hap-py light is  
2. God's free mercy stream-eth O-ver all the world, And his ban-ner



flow-ing Boun-ti-ful and free. Ev'-ry thing re-joice-es,  
gleam-eth Ev'-ry where un-furled. Broad and deep and glo-rious



In the mel-low rays; All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.  
As the heav'n a-bove, Shines in might victorious His e-ter-nal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For thy loving kindness  
Make us love thee more.

And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be thou nigh.

W. W. How,



195

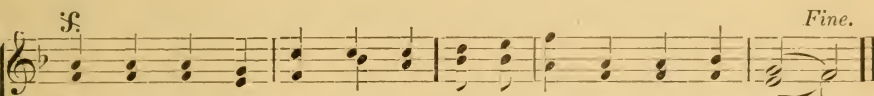
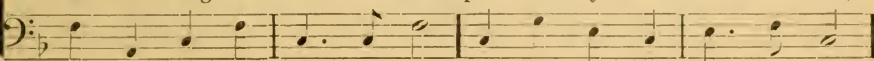
SAMUEL WEBBE. 1770.



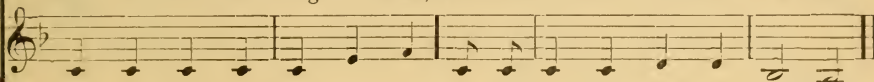
1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year,



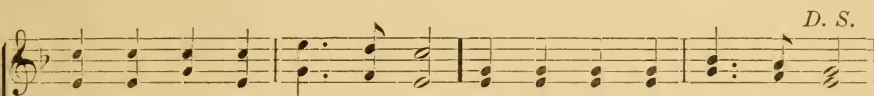
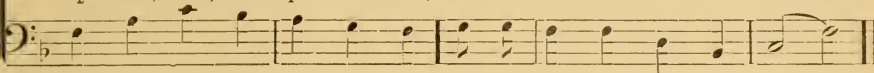
2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find,



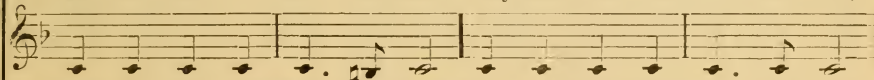
Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.  
We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.



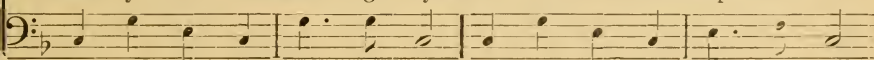
As the light-ning from the skies Darts and leaves no trace be - hind,—  
Up - ward, Lord, our spi - rits raise, All be - low is but a dream.



Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low,



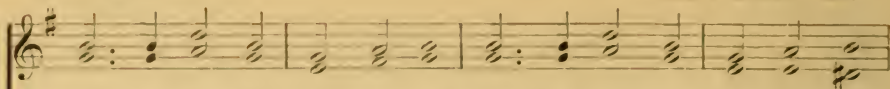
Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream;



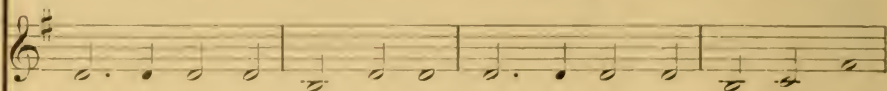
3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view:

Bless thy word to old and young;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
When our life's short race is run,  
May we dwell with thee above.

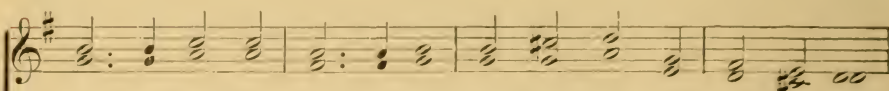
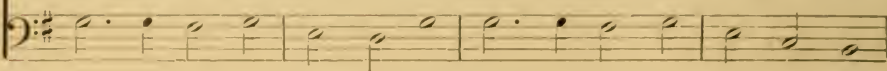
JOHN NEWTON. 1779.



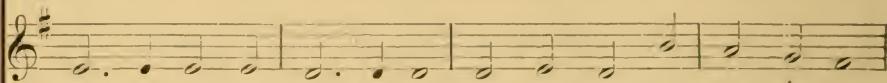
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-home!



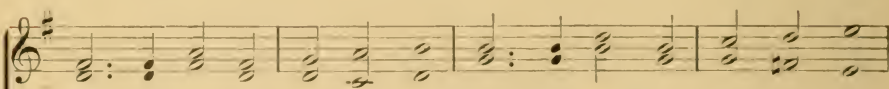
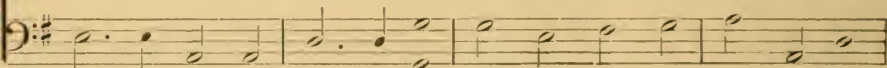
2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;



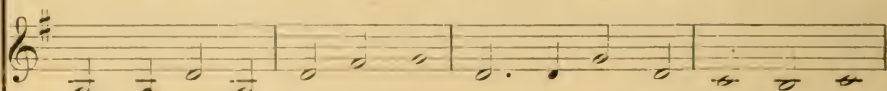
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



Wheat and tares, to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;



God, our Mak - er doth pro - vide, For our wants to be sup - plied;



Rip'n - ing with a wondrous pow'r, Till the fi - nal Har - vest hour;



# St. George. Concluded.

133

Come, to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of Har - vest home!

Grant, O Lord of Life, that we Ho - ly grain and pure may be.

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## ST. ALPHEUS. 7s & 6s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1860.

1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing, Dear Mas - ter, let it be,

2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith - ful - ness and grace;

In working or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with thee.

An - oth - er year of glad - ness, In the shin - ing of thy face.

3 Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise,  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence all the days.

4 Another year of service,  
Of witness for thy love;

Another year of training  
For holier work above.

5 Another year is dawning;  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year with thee.

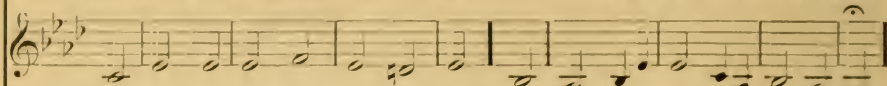
F. R. HAVERGAL. 1860.

## 198

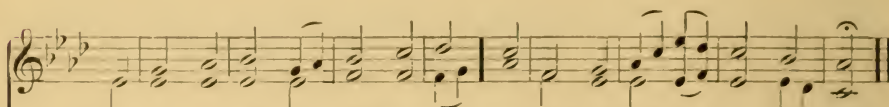
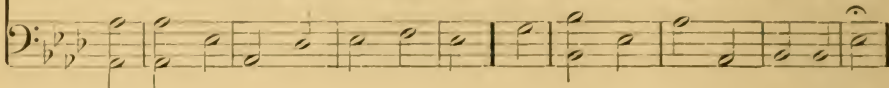
BARTHOLEMON. 1780.



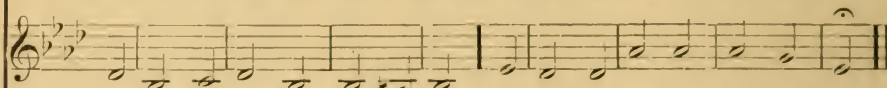
1. Great God, we sing that might-y hand, By which sup - port-ed still we stand ;



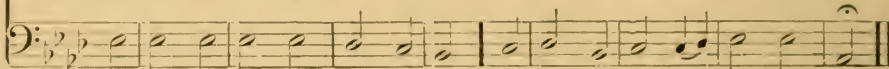
2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still we are guard-ed by our God ;



The opening year thy mer-cy shows ; That mercy crowns it till it close.



By his in - ces - sant boun - ty fed, By his un - err - ing coun - sel led.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 With grateful hearts the past we own :<br/>The future, all to us unknown,<br/>We to thy guardian care commit,<br/>And peaceful leave before thy feet.</p>          | <p>2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,<br/>Thy hand supports and guides the whole,<br/>The sun is taught by thee to rise,<br/>And darkness when to veil the skies.</p> |
| <p>4 In scenes exalted or depressed,<br/>Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;<br/>Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,<br/>Adored through all our changing days.</p> | <p>3 The flowery spring at thy command,<br/>Perfumes the air, adorns the land ;<br/>The summer rays with vigor shine,<br/>To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.</p>     |

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

## 199

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year !

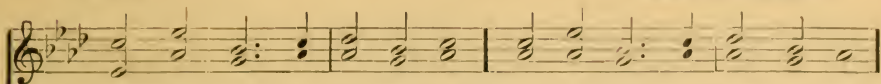
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,  
Through all our coasts, abundant stores :  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

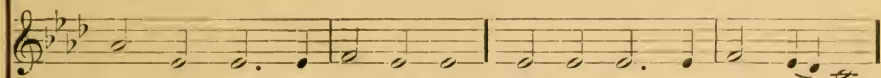


200

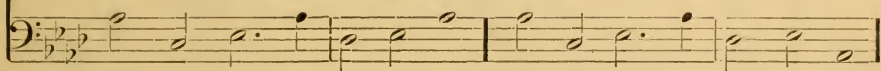
IGNACE PLEYEL. 1800.



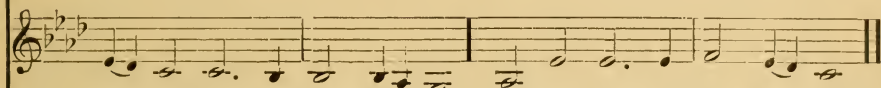
1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!



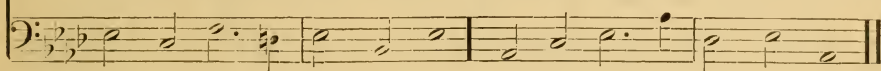
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the fruits the gar-dens yield,



Bounteous source of ev'-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy!



For the joy which har-vests bring, Grate-ful prais-es now we sing.



3 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise:  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

3 To a pleasant land he brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow,  
Where, from flowery hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773.

201

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name!  
For his mercies, firm and sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure,

4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race;  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1833.

## 202

JOHN NAYLOR. 1872.

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land,

2. To God so good and great Their cheer - ful thanks they pour,

When full of joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reap - er band.

Then car - ry to his Tem - ple - gate The choic - est of their store.

## 203

- 3 Like them, O Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to thee,  
And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,  
Our life and all its powers;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.

JOHN H. GURNEY. 1838.

- 1 GREAT God, at thy command  
Seasons in order rise:  
Thy power and love in concert reign  
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 With grateful praise we own  
Thy kind providing hand,  
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,  
Adorn and bless the land.

THOMAS GIBBONS. 1770.

# ST. MAURA. H. M.

137

204

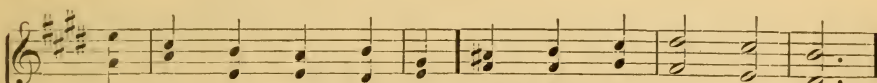
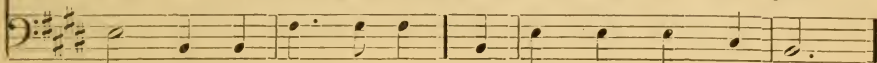
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



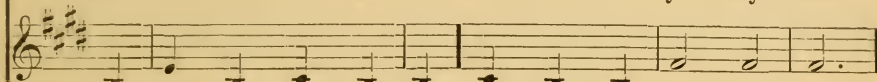
1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove,
2. The na - tion thou hast blest, May well thy love de - clare,



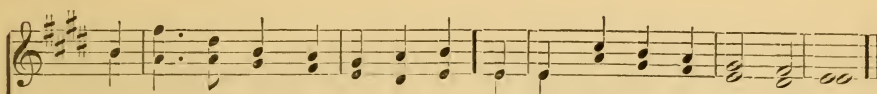
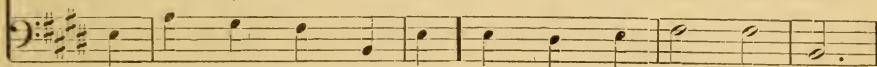
3. May ev' - ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green,



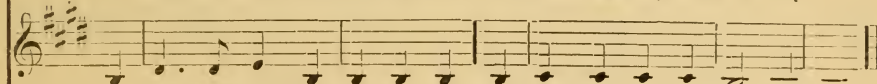
And rules the world be - low, Bound - less in pow'r and love.  
From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by thy care.



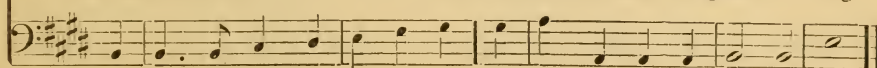
Shine in thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen.



Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heav'n's high King.  
For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay, Gifts of thy hand.



May ev' - ry tongue Be tuned to praise, And join to raise A grate - ful song.



## FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

205

MENDELSSOHN.

1. O for - est broad and sweep - ing, O fair and ver - dant wood, Of all my joy and

2. The for - est speaks a warn - ing, A sol - emn, earnest word, Of love and truth and

The world and all its pleasures,

weeping, The peaceful, calm abode; The world and all its pleas - ures, Can find for me no

du - ty, A message from our Lord, 'Tis nature's truth - ful spir - it, That breathes in ev'ry

'Tis nature's truthful spirit,

charms, O might I wan - der nev - er From thy protect - ing arms, O

tone, And did we heed the warn - ing, Pure joy would be our own, And

O might I wan - der

And did we heed the



might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro - tect - - ing arms.  
 did we heed the warn - ing, Pure joy would be our own.  
 nev - - - - er,  
 warn - - - - ing,

3 But I must soon forsake thee,  
 My shady forest home,  
 To wander forth a stranger,  
 In foreign lands to roam.

Yet there the word recalling,  
 Thy solemn warnings teach,  
 'Mid care and danger falling,  
 No harm my soul can reach.

RISING SUN. 7s & 6s.

206

GERSBACH.

1. Arrayed in gold - en splendor, The monarch of the day, Un - folds his crimson  
 cur - tains, Un - folds his crimson cur - tains, And rolls them far a - way.  
 And rolls them far a - way.

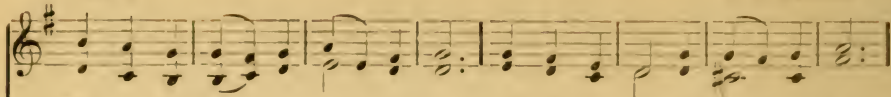
2 O welcome, golden sunshine,  
 Thou image of God's smile,  
 || So great and so subduing, ||  
 And yet so soft and mild.

3 The God who thee created,  
 How full of love is he,  
 || Let all our thoughts and actions, ||  
 To him devoted be.

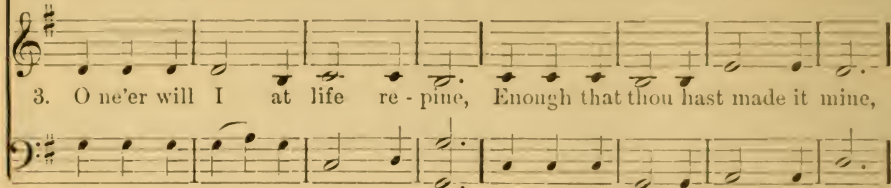
## ST. CATHERINE. 8s. 6 lines.

207

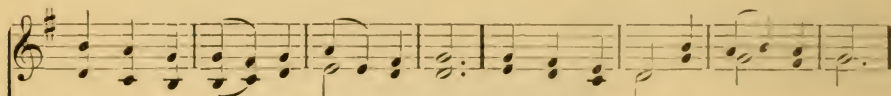
J. G. WALTON.



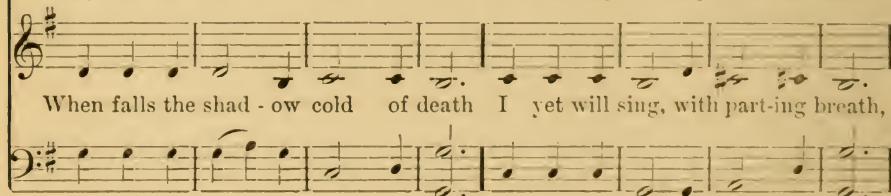
1. He send-eth sun, he send-eth show'r, A-like they're needful for the flow'r;  
 2. Can lov-ing child-ren e'er re-prove With murmurs those they trust and love?



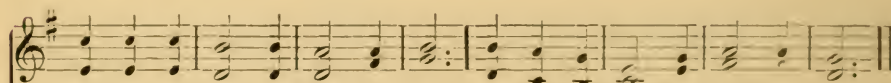
3. O ne'er will I at life re-pine, Enough that thou hast made it mine,



And joys and tears a-like are sent, To give the soul fit nour-ish-ment;  
 My Fa-ther, I would ev-er be, A trust-ing, lov-ing child to thee;

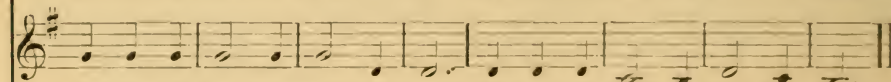


When falls the shad-ow cold of death I yet will sing, with part-ing breath,



As comes to me, or cloud or sun, Fa-ther, thy will, not mine, be done.

As comes to me, or cloud or sun, Fa-ther, thy will, not mine, be done.



As comes to me, or shade or sun, Fa-ther, thy will, not mine, be done.



SARAH F. ADAMS. 1840.

# FRIENDSHIP.

141

208

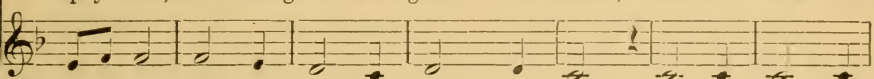
J. W. A. MOZART. 1770.



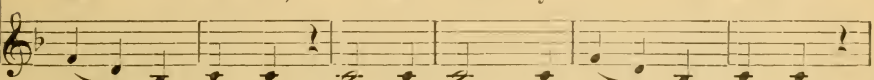
1. Here by friend - ship firm u - nit - ed, Hand in hand, we join de-  
 2. Let us praise the great Cre - a - tor, Lord of all the pow'rs of  
 3. Those on earth will best o - bey him, Who by faith and truth re-



light-ed, Raised by love to thoughts sub - lime! Hearts thus weld - ed  
 na - ture, Praise him for his wise de - cree, Ma - king faith and  
 pay him, For his grace and good - ness shown; Love to God and



nought can sev - er, Vir - tue's bond will last for - ev - er;  
 truth the meas - ure, Of our earth - ly joy and pleas - ure,  
 man are blend - ed, In each kind - ly act ex - tend - ed:



Steadfast thro' the storms of time, Stead - fast thro' the storms of time.  
 Lead - ing us from ill to flee, Lead - ing us from ill to flee.  
 These he ev - er deigns to own, These he ev - er deigns to own.

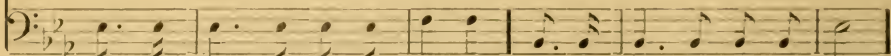




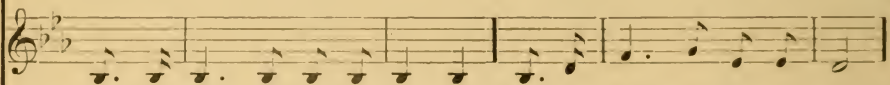
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?



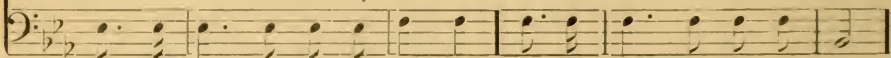
2. ' Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;



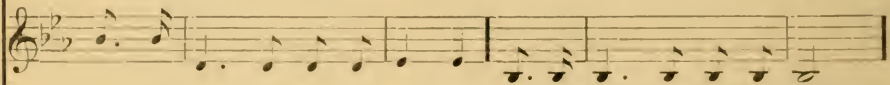
Lo! th'angel - ic host re - joic - es; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.



Souls redeemed, and sins for-giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.



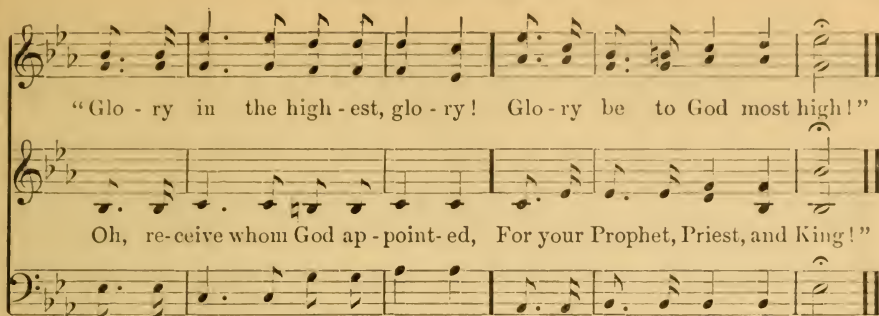
Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy—



Christ is born, the great Anoint - ed; Heav'n and earth his praises sing!







"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

Oh, re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

3 Let us learn the wondrous story,  
Of our great Redeemer's birth,  
Spread the brightness of his glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

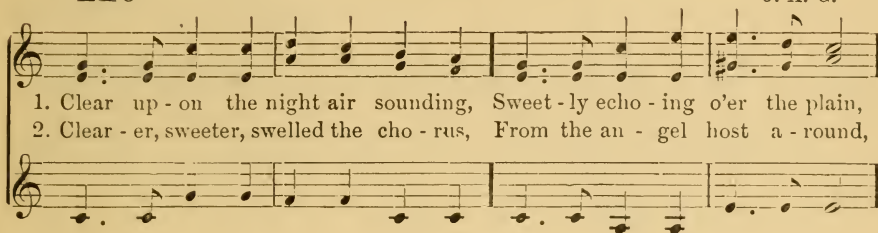
"Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him—  
'Glory be to God most high!'"

JOHN CAWOOD. 1819.

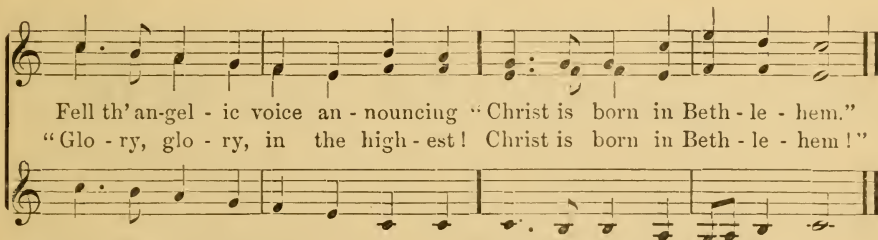
NOEL. 8s & 7s.

210

J. A. G.



1. Clear up - on the night air sounding, Sweet - ly echo - ing o'er the plain,  
2. Clear - er, sweeter, swelled the cho - rus, From the an - gel host a - round,



Fell th'an - gel - ic voice an - nouncing "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
"Glo - ry, glo - ry, in the high - est! Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

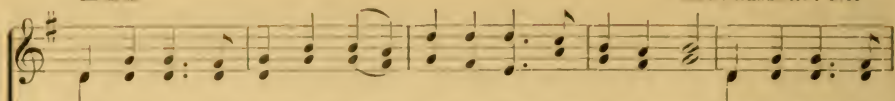
3 Prophets told the wondrous story,  
Of the future King and Lord:  
Who from upper realms of glory,  
Should descend, our Light and Word.

4 We can raise the song of triumph,  
With th'angelic host proclaim,  
"Glory, glory, in the highest!  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

ANON.

## 211

MENDELSSOHN. 1840



1. Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new born King! Peace on earth, and



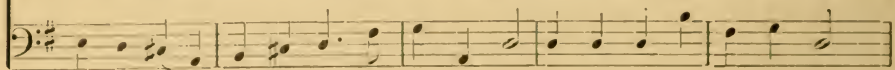
2. Hail, the heav'n born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to



mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled." Joyful, all ye na - tions, rise;



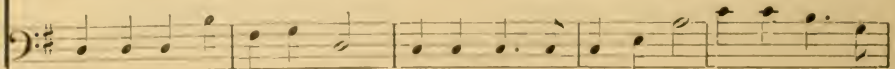
all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings. Let us then with an - gels sing,



Join the triumphs of the skies; With th' an-gelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in



"Glo-ry to the new born King! Peace on earth and mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners



Beth-le-hem;" With th'an-gel - ie hosts proclaim, " Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
reconciled;" " Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."

CHAS. WESLEY, 1739.

## THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE CREATION.

212

AUSTRIAN AIR.

1. Throughout the whole cre - a - tion Is heard an end - less song; 'Tis sung in ev'-ry  
2. The flow'r bells all are ringing, Soft murmurs swell the breeze; The forest boughs are

na - tion, While a - ges roll a - long, While a - ges roll a - long.  
swing-ing, And rust - lings fill the trees, And rust - lings fill the trees.

3 The sun, as day advances,  
Awakes the morn to praise,  
And stars, with radiant glances,  
|| Through night prolong their lays.||

4 This glorious song will ever  
Re-echo through the skies:  
Now may our souls endeavor  
|| In equal praise to rise.||

A. J. FOXWELL.

## STAR OF THE EAST.

213

W. A. BARRETT.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our  
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies his

3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of  
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -  
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in

E - dom, and off - rings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain, and  
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Saviour of all.  
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine.

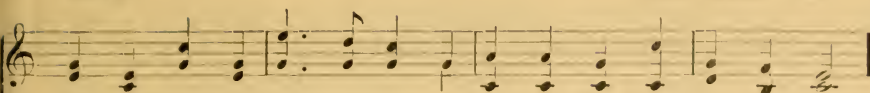
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

REGINALD HEBER. 1811.

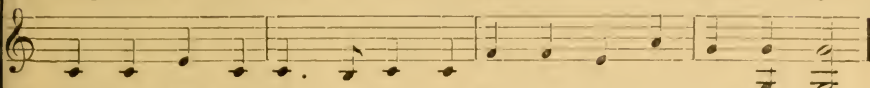


214

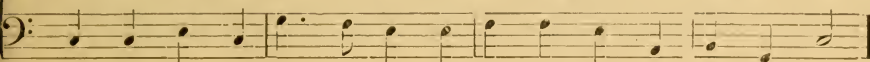
HENRY SMART. 1868.



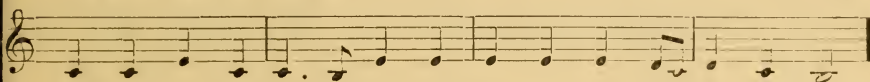
1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
2. Shepherds in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night;



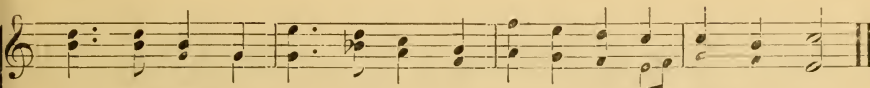
3. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watching long in hope and fear,



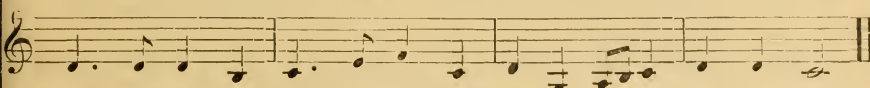
Ye who sang Cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth!  
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant Light;



Sud - den - ly, the Lord, de - scending, In his tem - ple shall ap - pear:



Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.  
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.



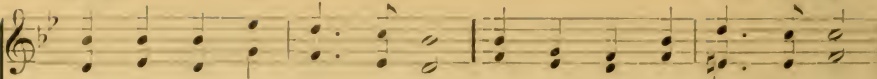
Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.



JAMES MONTGOMERY 1819.

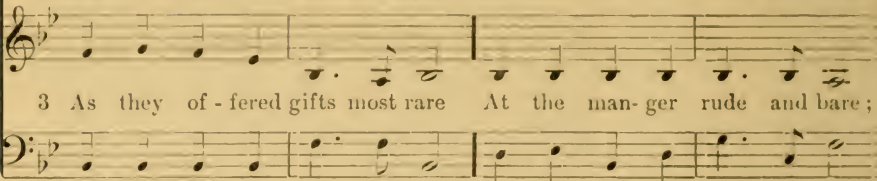
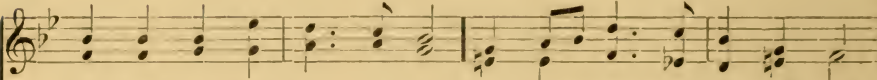
## 215

E. J. HOPKINS.

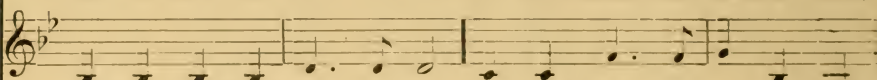


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,  
2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To the low-ly man-ger-bed;

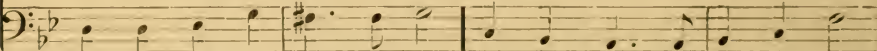

3 As they of-fered gifts most rare At the man-ger rude and bare;

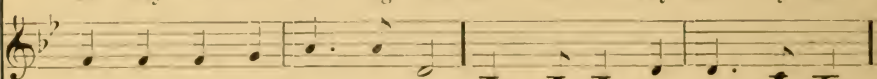
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, gleaming bright;  
There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom Heav'n and earth a-dore;



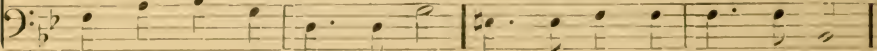
So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,

So most gra-cious Lord, may we, Ev-er more be led to thee.  
So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek thy mer-cy-seat.



All our cost-liest treas-ures bring, Christ, to thee, our heav'n-ly King.



# CHRISTMAS CAROL.

149

216

A. S. SULLIVAN, 1869.

1. All this night bright angels sing, Nev - er was such car - oling! Hark! a voice which

2. Wake, O earth! wake ev'ry thing; Wake, and hear the joy I bring; Wake, and joy, for

loud - ly cries, Mor-tals, mor - tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad-ness Turns your

all this night Heav'n and ev'-ry twink-ling light, All a - maz - ing Still stand

sad - ness, From the earth is ris'n a Sun; Shines all night, though day be done.

gaz - ing: An-gels, pow'rs and all that be, Wake and joy this Sun to see,

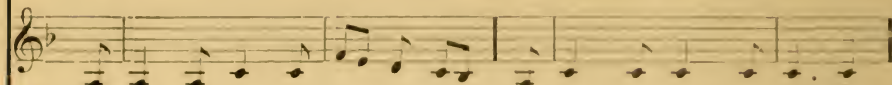
WILLIAM AUSTIN, 1630.

## 217

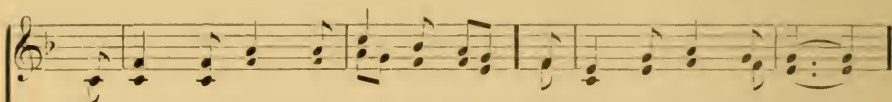
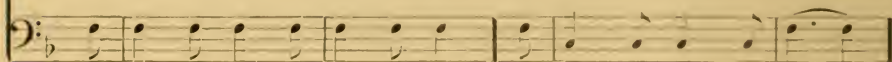
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,



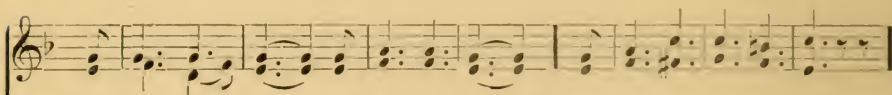
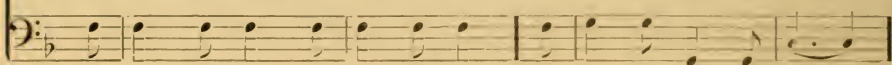
2. Still thro' the clov - en skies they came, With peace - ful wings un - furled;



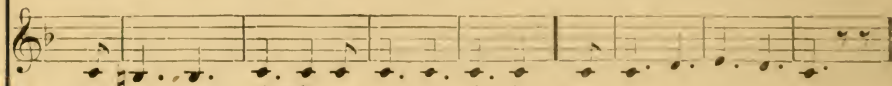
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:



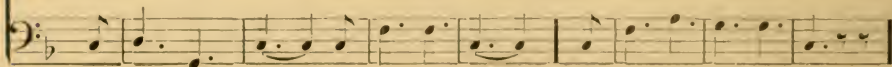
And still this heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:



Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King;



A - bove its sad and low-ly plains, They bend on hov'ring wings;





# Sears. Concluded.

151

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

DR. E. H. SEARS. 1850.

## JULIAN. 6s & 5s.

218

C. H. RINCK.

1. Long the na - tions wait - ed, Through the troub - led night,  
2. Proph - ets saw the morn - ing Break - ing far a - way,

Look - ing, long - ing, yearn - ing, For the prom - ised light.  
Min - strels sang the splen - dor Of the op'n - ing day.

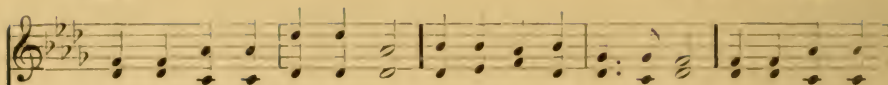
3 Brightly dawned the advent  
Of the new-born King,  
Joyously the watchers  
Heard the angels sing.

4 Jesus! Lord and Master,  
Prophet, Priest and King,  
To thy feet triumphant,  
Hallowed praise we bring.

JOHN JULIAN. 1865.

## 219

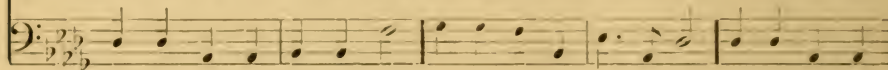
E. J. HOPKINS.



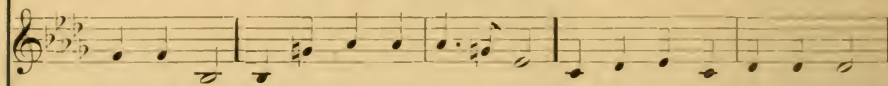
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's



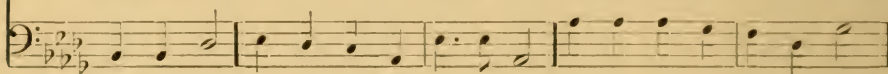
2. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice; Learning here, by



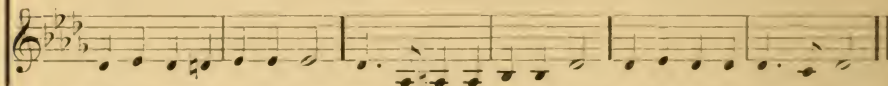
work be - gun, When he spake, and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn,



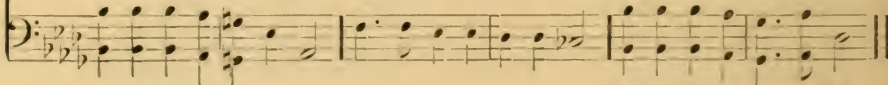
faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Borne up - on their lat - est breath



When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.



Songs of praise shall conquer death Then, a - mid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ.



JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819.

220

\*\*\*

1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the a - ges past,

2. Christ, the Fa - ther's Son e - ter - nal, Once was born a Son of man;

All earth's an - nals far sur - pass - ing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er last.

He who nev - er knew be - ginning, Here on earth a life be - gan.

3 Here in David's lowly city,  
 Tenant of the manger-bed,  
 Child of everlasting ages,  
 Mary's Infant lays his head.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1850.

2 And a glory shone around them,  
 On the grass as they were laid,  
 And a holy angel found them,  
 While their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful  
 Are the tidings that I bring;  
 Unto you so weak and fearful,  
 Christ is born, the Lord and King."

ANON.

221

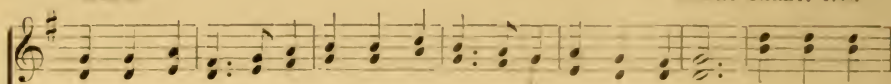
1 There were shepherds once abiding  
 In the field to watch by night,  
 And they saw the clouds dividing,  
 And the sky above was bright.

## NATIONAL HYMNS.

## AMERICA. 6s &amp; 4s.

222

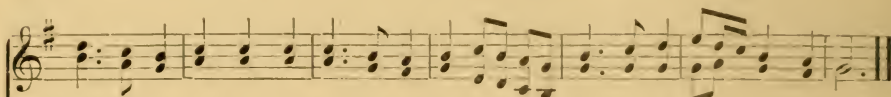
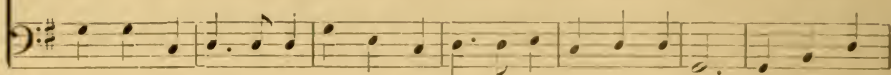
HENRY CAREY, 1740.



1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing : Land where my



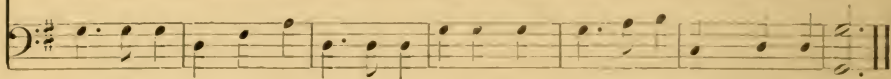
2. My native country, thee-land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.



rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.



3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song !  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break —  
The sound prolong !

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing :  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by thy might.  
Great God, our King !

S. F. SMITH. 1832.

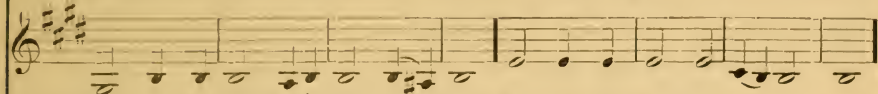


223

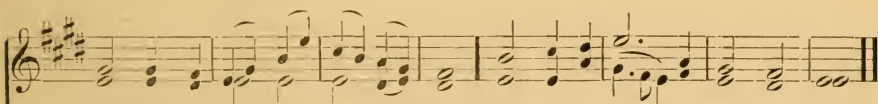
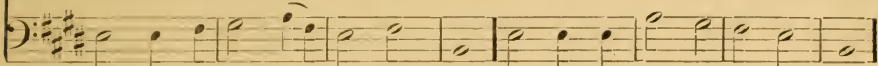
JOHN HATTON, 1790.



1. Great God of na - tions! now to thee Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise;



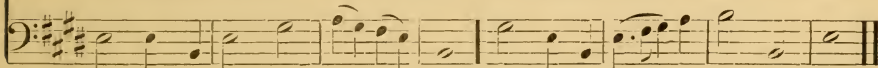
2. Thy name we bless, Al - migh - ty God! For all the kindness thou hast shown,



With humble heart, and bending knee, We of - fer thee our song of praise.



To this fair land the Pilgrims trod—This land we fond - ly call our own.



3 Here, freedom spreads her banner wide, 2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;— prayer;

Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide Thy blessing came; and still its power  
In safety, through their dangerous way. Shall onward through all ages bear

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light, The memory of that holy hour.

Through all our land, its radiance sheds; 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Dispers the shades of error's night, Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And heavenly blessings round us spread. And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.

224

AXON.

1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand, 4 And here thy name, O God of love,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea; Their children's children shall adore,  
And when they trod the wintry strand, Till these eternal hills remove,  
With prayer and psalm they worshiped And spring adorns the earth no more.  
thee.

LEONARD BACON.

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

225

FRANCIS S. KEY. 1814.

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we

2. O thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved

hailed with the twilight's last gleaming; Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the

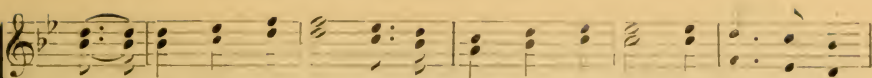
home and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vict'-ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing;

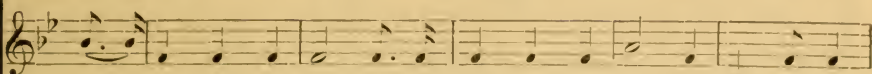
heav'n-res - cued land, Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a na - tion.

# Star Spangled Banner. Concluded.

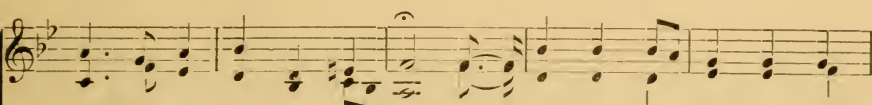
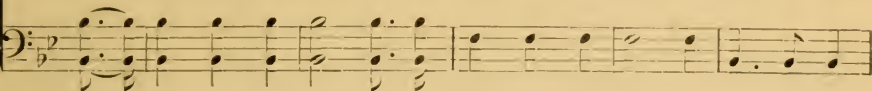
157



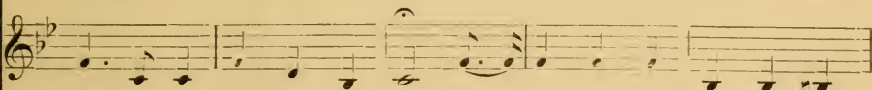
And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the



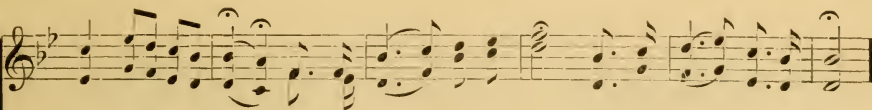
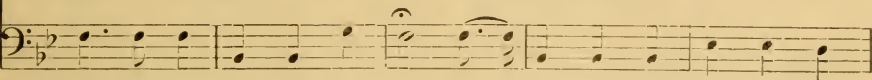
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our



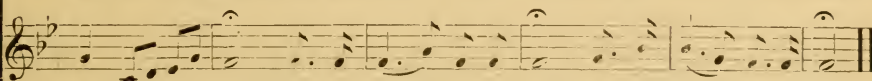
night, that our flag was still there; O say, does that star-span-gled



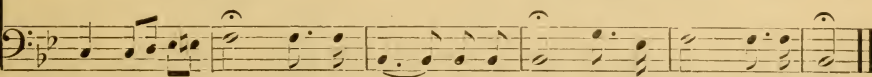
mot-to—"In God is our trust;" And the star-span-gled ban-'ner in



ban-ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?



tri-umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?



FRANCIS S. KEY, 1814.

## HAIL COLUMBIA.

226

J. HOPKINSON. 1798.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in

2. No-ble patriots, rise once more, Guard your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with

freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-

im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies Of

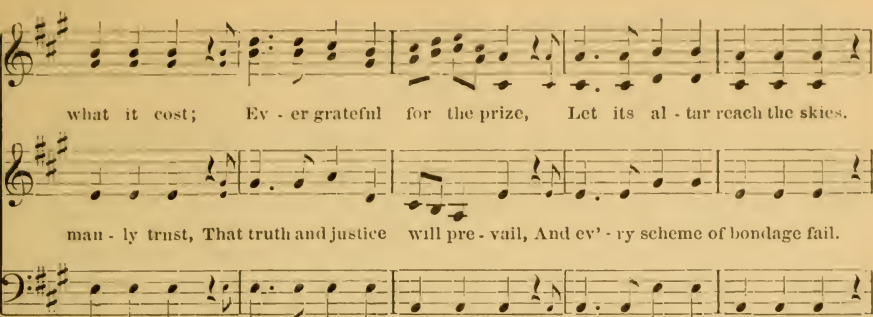
joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pendence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful

toil and blood the well-earned prize: While offering peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a



# Hail Columbia. Concluded.

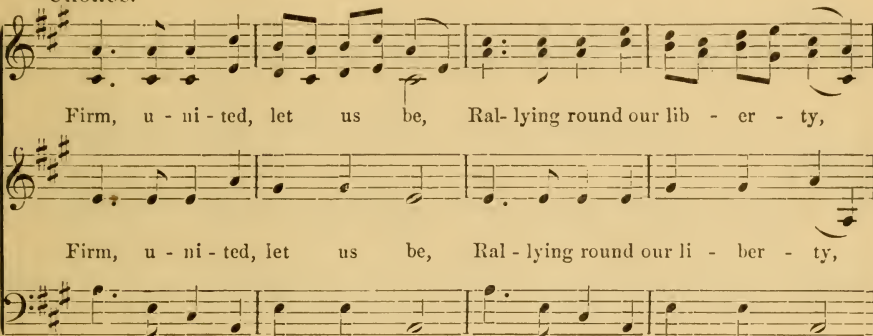
159



what it cost; Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.

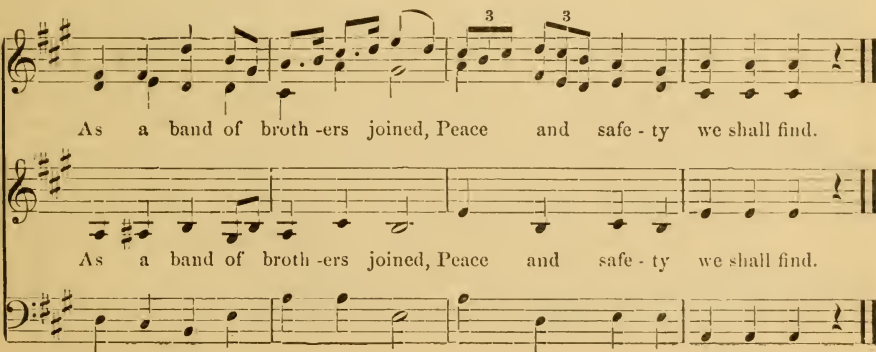
man - ly trust, That truth and justice will pre - vail, And ev' - ry scheme of bondage fail.

## CHORUS.



Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - lying round our lib - er - ty,

Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - lying round our li - ber - ty,



As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

227

J. TILLEARD.

1. To thee, our God, we fly For mer-cy and for grace;  
 2. Thy best gifts from on high In rich a - bun - dance pour,

3. The pow'rs ordained by thee With heav'n-ly wis - dom bless;

O! hear our low - ly cry, And hide not thou thy face;  
 That we may mag - ni - fy And praise thee more and more.

May they thy ser - vants be, And rule in right - eous - ness.

O Lord, stretch forth thy might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther-land.  
 O Lord, stretch forth thy might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther-land.

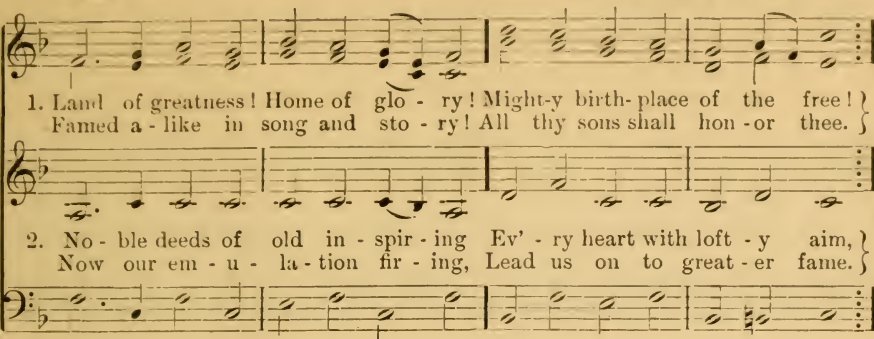
O Lord, stretch forth thy might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther-land.

# AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. D.

161

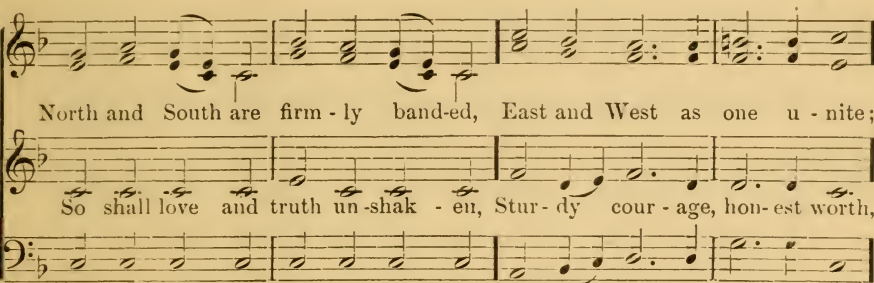
228

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.

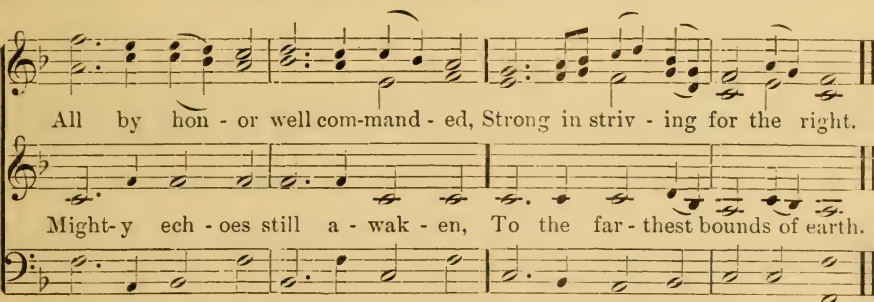


1. Land of greatness! Home of glo - ry! Might-y birth-place of the free! }  
Famed a-like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee. }

2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing Ev' - ry heart with loft - y aim, }  
Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame. }



North and South are firm - ly band-ed, East and West as one u - nite;  
So shall love and truth un-shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, hon - est worth,



All by hon - or well com-mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right.  
Might-y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth.

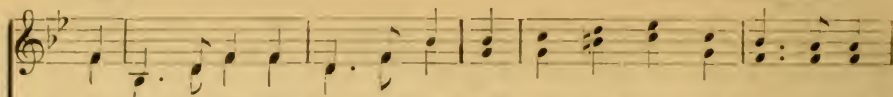
3 Homes by safe defence surrounded,  
Rights which make our freedom sure,  
Laws on equal justice founded,  
These will loyalty secure.

While with love and zeal unceasing  
We are joining heart and hand,  
Shine, in brightness yet increasing,  
Shine, O dearest Fatherland.

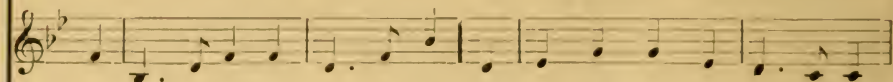
A. J. FOXWELL.

229

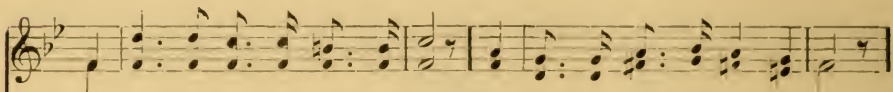
CARL WILHELM. 1854.



1. A cry resounds like thunder crash, 'Mid rush of waves and weapons' clash ;



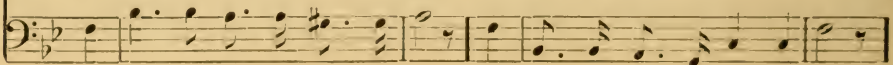
2. They stand a hundred thousand strong, Quick to avenge their country's wrong ;



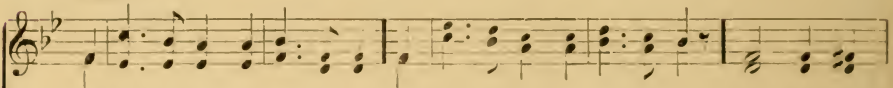
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine ! Who guards to-day the stream divine ?"



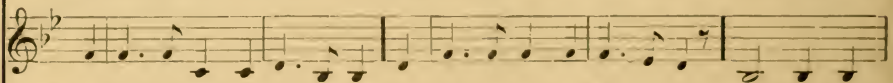
With faithful love their bosoms swell ; They'll guard the sacred landmark well.



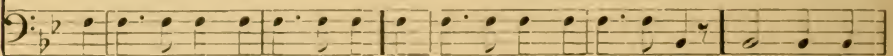
## CHORUS.



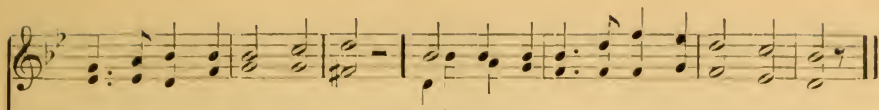
Dear Father-land ! no danger thine, Dear Father-land ! no danger thine ; Firm stand thy



Dear Father-land ! no danger thine, Dear Father-land ! no danger thine ; Firm stand thy



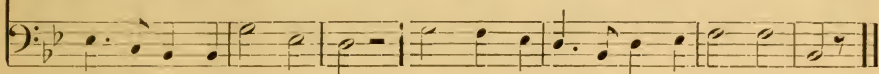




sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.



sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.



- 3 While flows one drop of German blood, 4 The pledge resounds, the river flows,  
Or sword remains to guard thy flood, In golden light our banner glows,  
While weapon rests in patriot's hand, We'll ever guard thy stream divine,  
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand. The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine.

CHORUS.

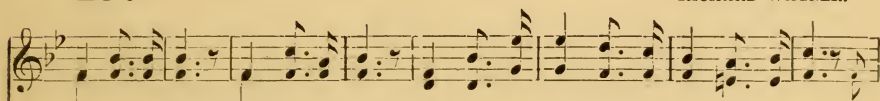
CHORUS.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

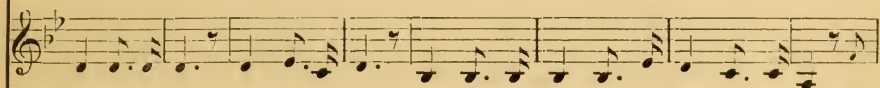
## FLAG OF THE FREE.

230

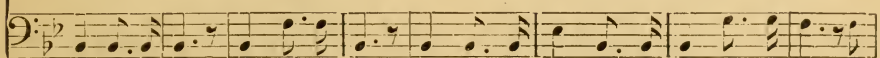
RICHARD WAGNER.



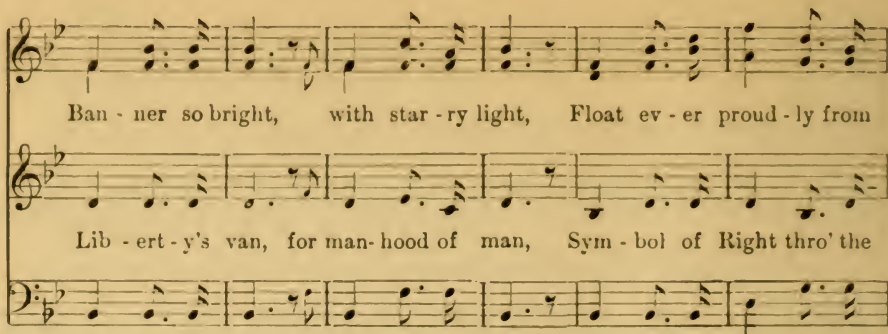
1. Flag of the free! fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;



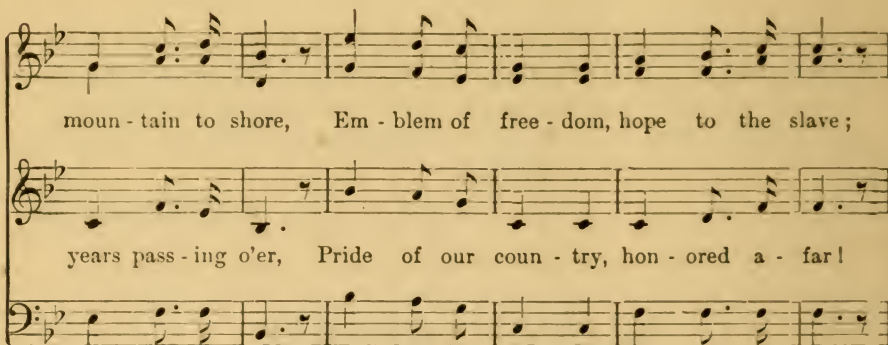
2. Flag of the free! long may it wave! Cho-sen of God, while his might we a-dore, In



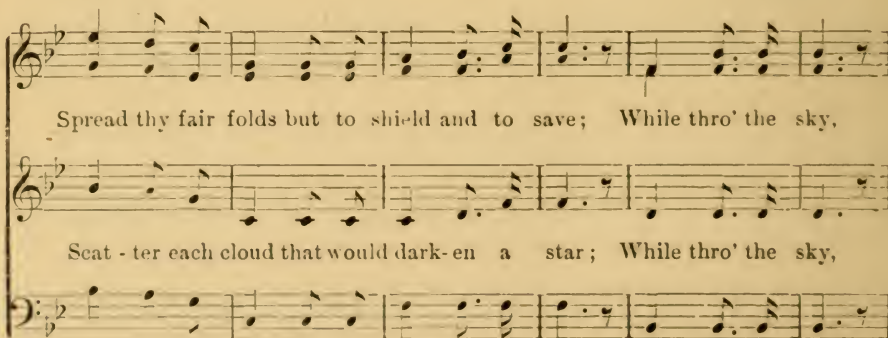
## Flag of the Free. Continued.



Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from  
Lib - ert - y's van, for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the



moun - tain to shore, Em - blem of free - dom, hope to the slave;  
years pass - ing o'er, Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far!



Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save; While thro' the sky,  
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star; While thro' the sky,

loud rings the cry, "Un - ion and lib - er - ty, one ev - er - more!"

loud rings the cry, "Un - ion and lib - er - ty, one ev - er - more!"

# NATIVE LAND.

231

A. METHESSEL.

1. To thee, our dear and na - tive land, With hearts and voic - es blend - ing,

2. The land of frankness, faith and fame, Of vir - tue, grace and beau - ty ;

We sing, a loy - al pa - triot band, In strains of love un - end - ing.

Whose children bear the foremost name, For courage, truth, and du - ty.

3 Here fraud is fettered, home secure,  
And peace a safe possession ;  
Here justice ever shall endure,  
And overcome oppression.

4 To thee, our dearest Father - land,  
We cling with fond devotion ;  
For thee we labor, heart and hand,  
In life - long, deep devotion.

A. J. FOXWELL.

## LA MARSEILLAISE.

232

ROUGET DE LISLE. 1792.

1. Yesons of free-dom! wake to glo - ry, Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!

2. O lib - er - ty, can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen' - rous flame?

The first system of the musical score for 'La Marseillaise'. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line starting with '1. Yesons of free-dom! wake to glo - ry, Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!' and the second line starting with '2. O lib - er - ty, can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen' - rous flame?'.

Your children, wives, and grand sires hoar - y; Behold their tears, and hear their cries,

Can dungeons, bolts, or bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spi - rit tame?

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are 'Your children, wives, and grand sires hoar - y; Behold their tears, and hear their cries,' followed by 'Can dungeons, bolts, or bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spi - rit tame?'.

Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall baughty ty - rants mischief breed - ing,

And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be - wail - ing

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are 'Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall baughty ty - rants mischief breed - ing,' followed by 'And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be - wail - ing'.



# La Marseillaise. Concluded.

167

With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des - o - late the land, While  
The blood - y sword our conquerors wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding! To arms! to arms, ye brave, Th'a - venging sword un -  
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing To arms! to arms, ye brave, Th'a - venging sword un -

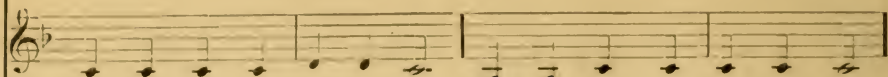
sheathe! March on, march on, All hearts resolved, On lib - er - ty or death.  
sheathe! March on, march on, All hearts resolved, On lib - er - ty or death.

## 233

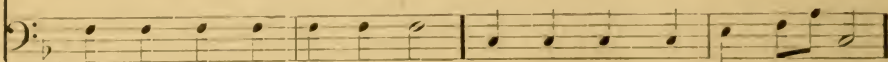
J. BLUMENTHAL.



1. Thou, by heav'n - ly hosts a - dored, Gracious, might - y, sovereign Lord!



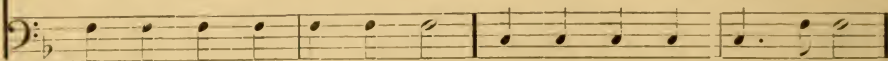
2. Let our rul - ers ev - er be, Men that love and hon - or thee,



God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - at - ed things;



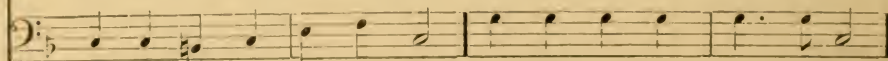
Let the pow'rs by thee or - dained, Be in righteous - ness maintained;



By the church with joy con - fessed, God, o'er all for - ev - er blest;



In the peo - ple's hearts in - crease Love of pi - e - ty and peace;



Plead-ing at thy throne we stand, Save thy peo-ple, bless thy land.  
Thus, u-nit-ed we shall stand, One wide, free, and hap-py land.

HENRY HARBAUGH. 1866.

# THANKSGIVING. 7s.

234

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

1. Swell the an-them, raise the song; Prais-es to our God be-long;  
2. Bless-ings from his lib'-ral hand Flow a-round this hap-py land:

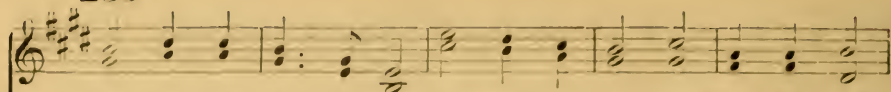
Saints and an-gels join to sing Prais-es to the heav'n-ly King.  
Kept by him, no foes an-roy; Peace and freedom we en-joy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway  
May we cheerfully obey;  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

ANON.

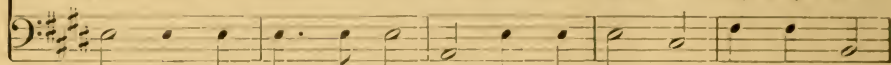
## 235



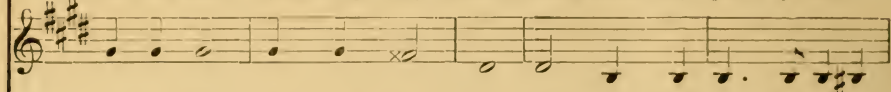
1. God, the om - ni - po - tent! Thou who or - dain - est, Thun - der thy



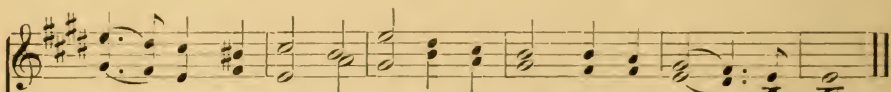
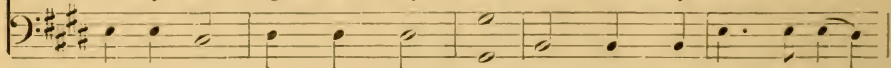
2. God, the all - mer - ci - ful! Earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways all



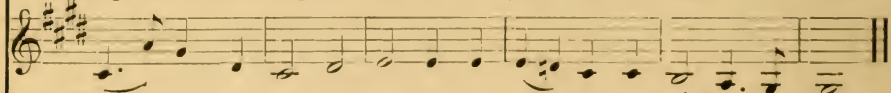
clar - ion, and light - ning thy sword; Show forth thy pit - y on



ho - ly and slight - ed thy word; Let not thy wrath in its



high where thou reignest, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!



ter - ror a - wak - en, Give to us par - don and peace, O Lord!



3 So will thy people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword;  
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

HENRY F. CHORLEY. 1861.



# PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

171

236

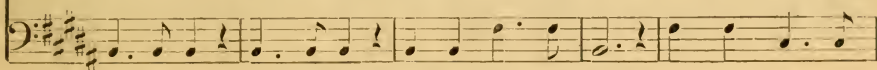
FRANZ ABT.



1. Native land, Na-tive land! Rest in God's right hand! When our lips thy



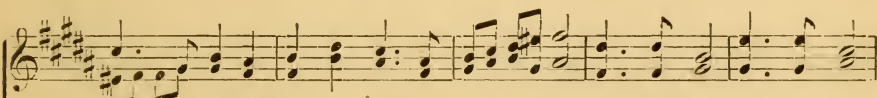
2. Native land, Na-tive land! Rest in God's right hand! 'Tis on paths of



worth are praising, High we'll bear thy glorious name; While to heav'n our



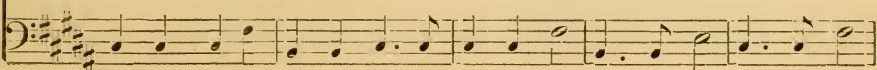
peace-ful beau-ty That our na-tion's safe-ty lies; 'Tis from deeds of



song upraising, Earth shall hear thy wondrous fame. God's own arm shield from harm,



truth and du-ty, That our nation's blessings rise. God's own arm shield from harm,



## Patriot's Prayer. Concluded.

Thee, our native land, God's own arm shield from harm, Thee, our native land.

Thee, our native land, God's own arm shield from harm, Thee, our native land.

Musical notation for the first system (treble and bass staves) and the second system (treble staff only).

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

237

FRANZ ABT.

1. For the blessings that surround me, Will I thank thee, na - tive land!

2. As in gladness so in sor - row, To my pledge I'm con-stant still;

Stronger love than e'er yet bound me Pledge I thee, with heart and hand.

Let us all, to-day, to-mor - row, For her stand in good or ill.

Musical notation for the first system (treble and bass staves), the second system (treble staff only), and the third system (treble and bass staves).

Nor with words and sing - ing on - ly Will I of - fer thanks to thee;

So to God our an-thems ring - ing, For the good that crowns our days,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The middle staff is also in treble clef and contains a similar melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with longer note values and some rests.

But with deeds will I so glad - ly Bring my heart-felt thanks to thee.

We shall still his love be sing - ing, While we chant our coun - try's praise.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are aligned with the musical phrases.

238

Tune — "AMERICA."

1 God bless our native land !  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night ;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of wind and wave,  
 Do thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
 To God above the skies,  
 On him we wait ;  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the State !

J. S. DWIGHT.

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## NATIONAL HYMNS.

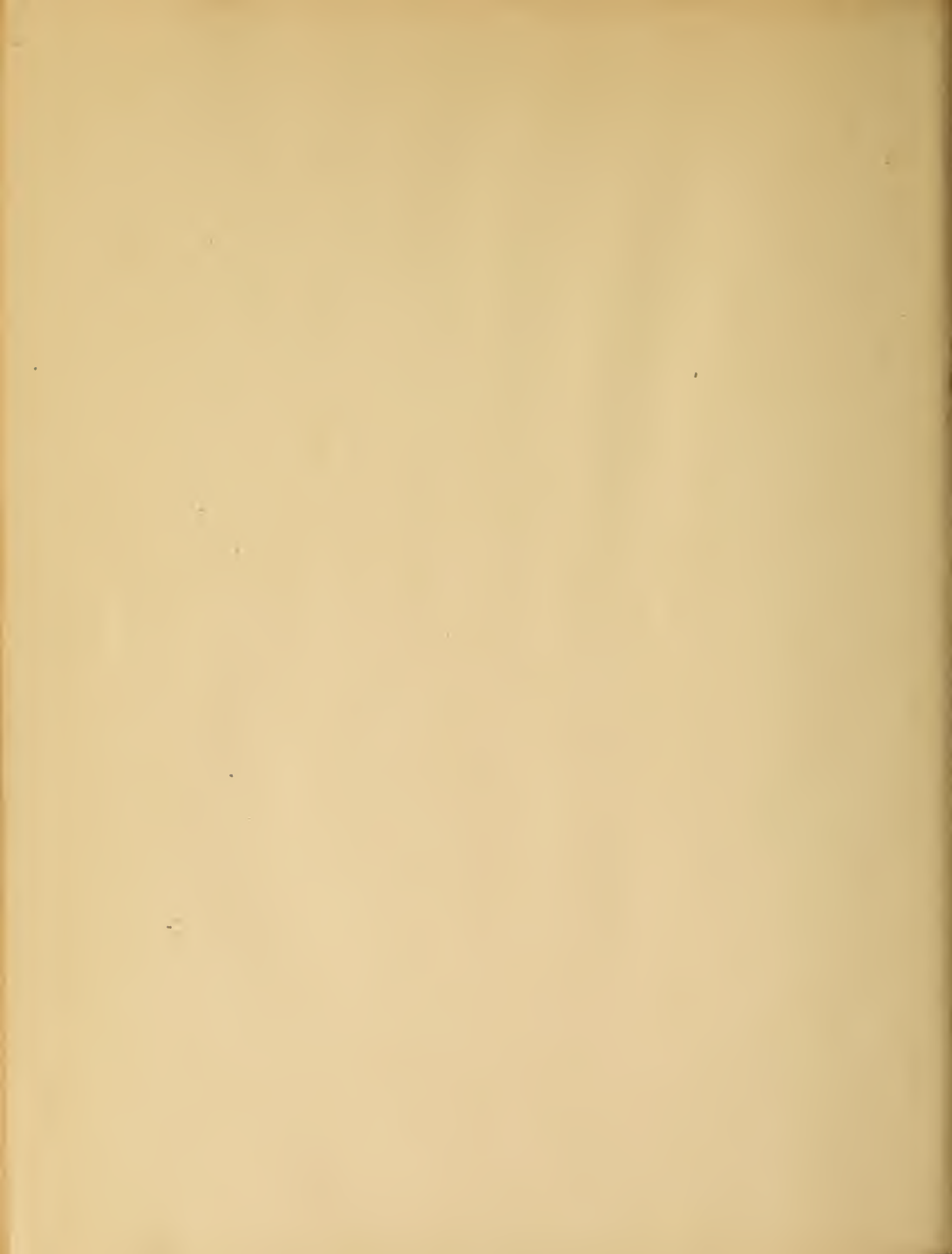
	No.		No.
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